

OCT 8 1928

COLUMBUS DAY NUMBER

THE
COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,
and Public Affairs.*

Wednesday, October 10, 1928

COLUMBUS DAY: 1928

Michael Williams

CAN WE SAVE AN OLD CULTURE?

Mary Austin

OUR "COLONIAL POLICY"

William Franklin Sands

KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

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and Public Affairs.*

Volume VIII

New York, Wednesday, October 10, 1928

Number 23

CONTENTS

Keeping the Record Straight.....	559	Our "Colonial Policy".....	
Week by Week.....	561	William Franklin Sands	575
Turbulent Sir Thomas.....	564	Communications	576
The Sovereign Citizen.....	565	The Play.....	R. Dana Skinner 578
Columbus Day: 1928.....	Michael Williams 566	Lament (<i>verse</i>).....	John S. Kennedy 579
Confessions of a College Graduate.....		Books.....	John A. Lapp,
Philip L. Boardman	570	Mary Kolars, John Stapleton, Gladys	
Catholic Culture in Our Southwest, III....		Graham, Floyd Keeler, David Marshall	580
Mary Austin	572		

KEEPING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

MRS. MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT, assistant United States Attorney-general, who owes her appointment to that high office to former attorney-general Daugherty, in again urging Methodist ministers to fight for Mr. Hoover in their pulpits, defines prohibition as a moral question, and accuses Governor Smith of having dragged the religious issue into the campaign. Mrs. Willebrandt is one of that numerous and vociferous class of prohibitionists whose throats are wet though their tongues are dry—for she has publicly testified to drinking cocktails, dry ones, presumably. When she lays down the dogma that Governor Smith first injected the religious issue into the campaign, there are people who may believe her, just as there are people who believe that they are Julius Caesar, or Napoleon Bonaparte. But for the sake of the record in this matter it may be well to assemble just a few of the facts ignored by Mrs. Willebrandt, namely:

First, Mrs. Willebrandt's action in going to Lorain, Ohio, where, though she is, as an officer of the United States government, sworn to uphold the constitution of the United States, which says that "No religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office or trust under the United States," she called upon the Methodist ministers of the country to use

their pulpits in a fight for one presidential candidate against another.

Although as yet she has not claimed infallibility for her personal opinions, she affirmed that prohibition was a moral issue, a definition which is denied by tens of thousands of men and women whose qualifications in all ways are superior to those of Mrs. Willebrandt in this matter. This was long before Governor Smith's speech in Oklahoma City.

Secondly, the action taken by the editorial association of Lutheran editors, in which these editors pledged themselves to fight Governor Smith because he was a Catholic, also was made long before Governor Smith recognized the issue.

Thirdly, the New York Times has said:

"Special care has been taken by Bishop Cannon, and other prominent Methodists in or out of the Anti-saloon League to deny that they oppose Governor Smith because he is a Catholic. But now comes the manifesto of the Ohio Anti-saloon League, innocently admitting that his religion is the head and front of his offending. He is to be kept out of the Presidency at all hazards because he is an enemy of this 'Anglo-Saxon, Protestant' country."

Fourthly, the New York World sent a woman reporter to the office of the southern manager of the

Republican National Committee in Washington, and she was directed by an employee of that office to the Fellowship Forum office, where she was offered free copies of a paper which circulates by millions of copies weekly, and which is being heavily financed to attack Governor Smith because he is a Catholic. That event happened before Governor Smith referred to it. A strange fact, no doubt, and one which the followers of Mrs. Willebrandt may have difficulty in understanding, but so it was. These things did not happen because Governor Smith spoke about them; he spoke about them because they happened.

In his speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination, Mr. Herbert Hoover declared himself personally in favor of the traditional American policy of religious liberty. If, even so early in the presidential campaign, it was not the common knowledge of all informed people that the subject of religion was, though not declared, nevertheless one of its leading issues, what possible reason could Mr. Hoover have had for making his statement?

Even before the assembling of the two main conventions, the newspaper reports of practically all the best and most experienced journalists of the country, both Republican and Democratic, were full of references to the religious issue. That it was present, not one denied. The only points that were left to be determined were how far the religious issue would be camouflaged, and what the effects of its presence in the campaign would be. That a great deal of the opposition to Governor Smith within the ranks of his own party was due, first of all, to his views on prohibition was admitted by all competent observers; but they also declared just as emphatically that many who spoke about prohibition meant Catholicism when they announced their opposition to Governor Smith.

In short, Governor Smith has been facing the religious issue ever since he wrote his famous Atlantic Monthly letter in reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall. He has been driven to contend with it for exactly the same reason that a polar expedition has to battle with blizzards. The thing was simply here. On March 22 of this year, the Christian Register informed its readers that "the religion which Governor Smith devoutly professes is not pleasing to those who are determined that no church shall have pretensions to political preferment and domination." At an earlier date—March 1—the same journal pointed out the danger that lay in the circumstance that Protestants inclined to be generous toward their Catholic brethren "cannot match the combined and highly organized power of the various Protestant churches once it is marshaled against a candidate disapproved on religious grounds." These quotations are taken from one of the mildest and best-mannered of Protestant periodicals. It may be that Mrs. Willebrandt is too busy to read; but the Catholic who is interested in finding out what other folks think of him has enjoyed the chance to read a lot and to realize that the "issue"

has been handed to him as neatly as ever one of the Medicis passed a cup of poison to an "undesirable."

Meanwhile, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Dr. Work, tells the newspaper reporters who call to his attention the deep-seated indignation felt by thousands of Americans of both political parties at this action of a high official of the government in violating the spirit if not the actual text of the constitution, that he will not discuss the matter until after the election. The responsible head of the speakers' bureau, Mr. Newton, informs the press that Mrs. Willebrandt is an accredited speaker for his committee. At the date of this writing she was scheduled to speak before the religious groups in the border and southern states. Mr. Hoover, though vigorously reaffirming his detestation of religious partisanship, so far has absolutely refused to discuss Mrs. Willebrandt's activities. Yet the serious responsibility of his silence has been put up to Mr. Hoover by many of the leading organs of his own party, in particular the New York Evening Post, Chicago Tribune and the New York Sun. These editors, in common with many others, clearly see that Mrs. Willebrandt's action is much more than a blow struck at a particular candidate, namely, Governor Smith; it is a deadly and already poisonously injurious assault upon the most fundamental of American institutions. This is so clearly perceived that petitions are being sent to the President of the United States and to Attorney-general Sargent demanding Mrs. Willebrandt's dismissal in disgrace. Unless she is disciplined by her superiors in her party and in the government, all the splendid words uttered by Mr. Hoover in his speech of acceptance concerning religious liberty will have been spoken in vain. Disclaiming responsibility for Mrs. Willebrandt will be equally futile. That the Republican party should tolerate if not condone the actions of the Ku Klux Klan, of the Anti-saloon League, of Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, of Dr. John Roach Straton, of Bishop Cannon and his fellow bishops, of the Lutheran Editorial Association, of the Fellowship Forum, the New Menace and of the publishers of more than one hundred unspeakably vile pamphlets flooding the country by the millions—this, we say, might be understood. Mr. Hoover and his assistants are not responsible for them. They have disclaimed their activities, at least in part, and it may be said that they cannot help their activities, and would be fools not to profit by the votes that may be won by such men and such methods. But the case of Mrs. Willebrandt is clear cut and decisive. Either she will be dismissed in disgrace—or else clear proof will have been furnished to the country that the Republican party has knowingly tolerated and permitted if not encouraged an assault upon religious liberty by a highly-placed member of the Republican party and an officer of the United States government, whose salary is paid by all its citizens, and who took the oath to defend the constitution which she now attacks.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

MR. HERBERT HOOVER'S repudiation of bigotry as a party weapon is virile and clear-cut. Commenting upon a mean little circular distributed by a Virginia Republican worker, he said that he "could not fully express" his indignation and that he could not "reiterate too strongly that religious questions have no part in this campaign." The statement proves again the personal worthiness of Mr. Hoover to fill any position of trust at the disposal of the nation, but it also removes the last shred of doubt that anti-Catholic feeling is a powerful political agent. Office seekers and campaign workers are easily tempted to suffer the existence of a thing that serves a purpose, even though they may despise it personally. But men of prominence, whose place in our society reinforces the contempt for miserable-mindedness which Mr. Hoover has expressed, ought not to remain silent, either because they feel that the malady will die a natural death or because they shrink from voicing such an opinion in public.

THE stability of America depends not, indeed, upon whether a Catholic is elected to the Presidency, but upon the preservation of religious virtue as an influence making for the improvement and conservation of the national life. To becloud this power with petty appeals to partizan passion, or with aspersions as vile as they are unfair, is to disgust thousands of citizens with all that religion means and to split the common ground which all Christians occupy into a host of fragments. Never were we in greater need of the prayer

which Archbishop Carroll, first member of the American Catholic hierarchy, composed in 1800 "for the well-being of the country." Here is an adapted version of this petition: "We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through Whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, to assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude Thy people in this hour of need, that by the light of Thy Divine Wisdom they make choice of him whom Thy Will decrees to be their ruler, for the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety and useful knowledge, that in Thy mercy Thou mayst perpetuate to us equal liberty and justice. Amen."

WHAT the selection of Emilio Portes Gil as provisional President of Mexico means to that country may easily be deduced from his record. He first appeared from next to nowhere as a revolutionary, asserting that he had studied law in his native state of Tamallipas. The extent of this legal education may be inferred from the fact that no law school existed in this state. Having made the acquaintance of Calles, then governor of Sonora, Señor Gil was appointed a judge in several courts and finally a member of the supreme tribunal. Here he was a helpful servant of the "courts" which, in obedience to the revolutionary dictatorship, approved the policy of confiscation. Later on he was "elected" to the Mexican Senate by General Obregon and again by General Calles. Since the second will be Minister of War under the new President (and therefore in control of the army) he has executed a neat maneuver in choosing Gil. He has got rid of military rivalry without a day's fighting—truly a remarkable feat in chaotic Mexico. One suspects that the advice of Ambassador Morrow, either real or assumed, had much to do with the deftness with which the change was executed. Gil means Calles without any trimmings.

SOMETHING very like a change of front seems to have taken place in current discussions of Mexico. The most important event is an extraordinary series of articles, entitled *The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze*, which the Outlook is now publishing. These papers have no immediate bearing upon the religious issue, but discuss the situation as a whole with a directness, a wealth of irrefutable information and an honesty of purpose which commend themselves to all readers. We earnestly invite attention to this series, which we believe is destined to provide Americans with something big to think about. The first article appeared in the Outlook for September 19. Meanwhile, Editor and Publisher has reprinted, for the benefit of its journalistic clientele, Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders's *Commonweal* paper on Mexican censorship. Still more recently the Christian Century printed a remarkable editorial, the gist of which is contained in the following paragraph: "One who has

spent twenty years in Mexico, and whose training is wholly Protestant, has vouchsafed the opinion that the outcome of the present struggle will be a purifying of Catholicism such as has occurred in northern countries, and that those who have left that Church will find their religion in the Masonic order. The mystic and ritualistic elements of this secret order, it is felt, offer that which is not to be found in contemporary Protestantism." We may add that there is another possibility—reversion to pagan practices, as noted by Mr. Saunders in last week's *Commonweal*.

IF FOR no other reason than that they are furnishing the background for contemporary discussion of armament reduction, the Balkans are near the centre of the international stage. Singularly few of the explosions to which they have been subject, however, reveal so much of their social substructure as did the recent assassination of Stephen Raditch. This leader of Croatian peasants, who built up a solid party following while raising himself from poverty and exile, is very representative of the mentality which undermined the Hapsburg idea and substituted the dream of nationalist millenniums. That his strength lay in real evils which clamored for a remedy is quite as evident as that his weakness was the inescapable fractionizing of southeastern Europe to which racial hopes were leading. All of which, and a great deal besides, is illuminated for the American reader by Raditch's extraordinary autobiography, which was secured by Dr. Charles A. Beard and is now published in *Current History*. Narratives of this kind are the genuine historical documents of our time.

RECENT events in Manchuria have made of Chang-Hsueh-liang, head of the government and heir to his father's dictatorship, a figure to be watched, not from month to month, but from day to day. With the past several months as an indication, it would seem that as Chang's career progresses, a great human story is being unfolded. If Chang is anything at all, he is certainly not a "chip off the old block." In place of the heavy-handed, iron-willed Chang-Tsu-lin, owner of every quality that goes into the making of a successful bandit or dictator, we have a young visionary. He has had experience of war—ten years as a general in the field though he is only thirty now—and is tired of it; his eyes are not on conquest but on such peace and well-being as the Orient has not known in the memory of any living man. He abandons his father's policy of excluding foreign investments, welcomes capital to develop Manchuria's forests, mines and railways, establishes a supreme court, admires the principles of the Chinese Nationalists, dreams of a pacific and fruitful union with China, and plans shortly to visit Turkey and Germany because there he might learn how all China could free herself from unequal international obligations and become an independent and united nation.

THE admiration of British officialdom for the enterprising Dutch who have so successfully inaugurated air mail service between Amsterdam and Batavia conceals a real vexation. Almost simultaneously with the Imperial Airways announcement that a London-India air line will be established early next year came news of the safe arrival of a Dutch mail plane in Java, while a second was already over India and a third was preparing to leave Amsterdam. And thus, despite elaborate British preliminaries, the Dutch have carried off pioneering honors in air service to the Orient. Something more important for London to worry about, however, is the report that on January 1 Lufthansa will begin a regular schedule of flights between Berlin and Tokio. Immediate results of this service, of course, will be negligible, but one cannot believe that three-day transportation between Germany and Japan will not encourage a degree of intimacy in their relationship most uncomfortable, if not annoying, to the merchants and adventurers of the Thames.

THE Democratic campaign manager, who, like one of Shakespeare's most famous characters, lays no claim to being an orator, has made almost the best speech of the season. In the course of his first radio experience, Mr. Raskob revealed himself as turner of tables and master of the method ironic. For despite the tariff plank in the Houston platform and the sworn allegiance of scores of Republican business men to the candidacy of Governor Smith, Democrats heretofore have been on the defensive, if aggressively, as far as the business issue in the campaign is concerned. They have insisted, rather successfully, that Democratic administration would be at least as wholesome for commerce as Republican management, and in this is implied a recognition of worth in the Republican idea. Mr. Raskob now denies such recognition. "To my business friends I say that the primary policy of Mr. Hoover is fraught with the greatest peril to American industry. I think his main idea of national economics is unsound in fundamentals and dangerous in the extreme. I can't be much impressed by his recent experience in business administration. I am afraid he has not been working against a balance sheet."

THUS Mr. Raskob takes the offensive in a manner which will not be considered altogether sporting by Mr. Work, who has been basing every attack on the cheerful assumption that all the world grants the soundness of Mr. Hoover's industrial policy. He will certainly regard as blasphemous this light dismissal of Mr. Hoover's business experience by a man whose own name is synonymous with big business. Nor will the analysis of his candidate's abilities seem to him less shocking. Mr. Raskob sees the Republican nominee as a man of constructive ideas, but "dictatorial . . . an efficiency expert . . . a schoolmaster. If elected, he will turn Washington into an engineering laboratory." The merit of this ironic appraisal is that it

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does not ask for a laugh. Were its appeal to the humorous-minded, Mr. Work could afford to laugh it off himself. But this is serious, deadly serious. It is not a joke, but a challenge.

ALMSGIVING has always been recommended by the Church as one of the best means for attaining that selflessness which must prepare us for the reception of the Beatitudes. It has likewise been insisted upon perennially by society as the only manner in which the causes of decadence can be eradicated. When almsgiving is enlarged into the fulness of charity, and when the religious motive is blended with the social reason, we secure the highest altruistic ideal of which humanity is capable. Precisely this has actuated the National Conference of Catholic Charities from the beginning. But though the men who preside over it keep this vision in their hearts, they deal with practical problems and concrete difficulties. This year's meeting at St. Louis was therefore enriched with notable addresses and discussions. A great deal of attention was given to adolescence, such men as Mr. William Butcher and Mr. Bernard J. Fagan, both of whom have had years of experience in dealing with criminal tendencies as manifested in the state of New York, combining fact with theory in an admirable manner. It is impossible here to follow in detail the progress of the Conference, but we do wish to commend the address on social insurance given by the Reverend Francis J. Haas of Milwaukee.

ONE matter brought up for consideration by the Reverend John A. Ryan is of unusual national interest. In discussing the relation that exists between unemployment and congested markets—the second of which is aggravated by the inability of the first to buy—he was simply repeating economic doctrine which most Americans now accept as basic. But he went on to say: "One billion dollars or more of American money is invested annually in foreign countries. If, instead of being exported, this fund were distributed among the 10,000,000 poorest paid of our wage earners, it would provide an average increase of \$100 each in their annual incomes. Imagine what an increase this would mean in the demand for our surplus products of food, clothing, housing and other necessities." The employer would immediately reply that this European financing is not his affair. It is promoted by banking institutions, few of which have any intimate relationship with productive industry. But in so answering he would indicate what is undoubtedly the most baffling and irregular fact in our economic situation—the freedom of the financial energy from the enterprise which it nevertheless controls and to which it looks for returns.

WILL international relations find their best support in diplomatic conferences or in the coöperative endeavor of labor unions and trade associations? That

the second are capable of interesting deeds is emphasized once again by the recent Paris congress of the Garment Retailers of America. An invitation having been extended by a prominent French commercial magazine, these American merchants gathered on the banks of the Seine and discussed important economic problems. The first of these was the tariff, which many Parisian modistes and chemisiers consider as ominous as Attila. It called forth a great deal of earnest eloquence on both sides, and the French did not hesitate to declare that excessive protectionism might consolidate Europe against the United States. A more poignant problem came to the surface, however, with the French complaint that Americans were copying seasonal models without reimbursing the creative artist, and then reproducing their copies in enormous quantities. The congress agreed that such copying is "robbery," and laid the groundwork for an association designed to stamp it out. This plans to give a "creation" something of the dignity of a copyright, so that payment of royalties may be expected. It looks like a detail, but the point has generated so much righteous indignation (and led to so much cheap cheating) that it possesses a real international importance. A number of such congresses might ultimately be productive of more actual and enduring good than an assemblage of statesmen, let us say, could hope to achieve.

AN ESSAY inspired by the present political campaign which should long outlive it is Mr. Ellery Sedgwick's Hoover and Smith: A Conflict in Essentials, in the October issue of the Atlantic Monthly. Admirable as is the presentation of two sharply contrasting personalities, both of which will continue to interest the world despite results in November, it is but the basis for a large view of conflict and change in the nation as a whole. Of these things the candidates are simply exciting signs: Hoover, the pacific Quaker, scientist and solitary, prudent in speech, counter of costs, representing "the sweet and peaceful generations of our rural past," asking for "order and quiet, a larger leisure and freedom from material ills"; Smith, the rough and ready fighter, the intuitive leader who "loves his fellows and understands them," the candid and courageous speaker, symbol of change from rural to city domination, the New Man "reminding us that the struggle is common, that the Haves must help the Have-Nots, and that sharing the other fellow's load is the first duty of citizenship."

EACH is excellent in his way, but the ways are very different; each is "strong enough to sail the ship on bold new courses," but these are vastly different courses. Choose the captain according as his destination satisfies you, and not for the color of his sails. "Let us vote for Hoover or for Smith as men. But let us not try to fool our own souls by voting before the world for a secret reason which the more decent

of us dare scarcely even murmur to ourselves." Good work, this—the best which the campaign has produced thus far, not only because Mr. Sedgwick has considered the candidates so fairly—one is tempted to say pleasantly—but because he has justly discerned the truth that more important than who will win in November is a pledge that no irrelevant prejudice shall determine the result.

THAT alumni associations have an interest in the college graduate which is not altogether selfish is the encouraging thought prompted by the recently published Year Book of the National Catholic Alumni Federation, surveying proceedings of the 1928 convention. Here the alumnus is seen not only as a potential patron on whom the university has a certain claim, but as one who has claims of his own on the university which have been only partially discharged by the presentation of a diploma. Perhaps these sentences from the paper contributed by Mr. Daniel L. Grant will serve to indicate the trend of the proceedings: "We shall be interested in the intellectual and educational life of the alumnus whose major concern has ceased to be that of a student and is primarily that of a profession. We shall be concerned with the progressive and changing needs of the educative life of the educated man—assuming that our alumni are educated. Up to the time that a man leaves college he has spent his life constantly adjusting to different educational organizations in order to educate himself. But when he accepts a position in the business world his time, for purposes of education, is more limited and certainly his capacity to adjust himself to the formalized educational opportunities which we have today is reduced to the very minimum. We shall be interested in that phase of adult education which takes peculiar account of the educational needs of the most highly educated element in our population."

TURBULENT SIR THOMAS

ALL sorts of reasons buttress the opinion that the world will never get anything comparable to the Arthurian romances. To these succulent tales poets, novelists and composers turn so frequently that there are literally scores of reconstructed Round Tables at which the knights sit dressed in Tennysonian spats or Gotham evening clothes. But to whom are we responsible for the heritage? The answer is, of course, Sir Thomas Malory, whose fifteenth-century version welded the legends into one round whole of excellent English prose. But it has been impossible to say who Sir Thomas himself was, although some hints from Professor Kittredge have supplied a fascinating clew. Now comes a little monograph (Sir Thomas Malory; The Harvard University Press) by Mr. Edward Hicks which lifts the veil so far that we can feel reasonably sure the figure we behold is not a mirage.

Sir Thomas was an adventuresome Warwickshire knight, who grew to manhood under circumstances

which made for that full flowering of chivalry symbolized for most of us by Sir Philip Sidney. This may have been only a glorified form of prize-fighting, but in those days it softened the horrors of military life and taught rough fellows the meaning of honor. But when Sir Thomas came home from the French wars (where he may have witnessed the burning of Saint Joan of Arc) and took his seat in Parliament, economic disturbances of various kinds lay heavily on the land. In these he took a part, going so far as to constitute himself a variety of Lollard champion and to invite accusations of breaking into monasteries, waylaying earls and stealing treasure. It is impossible to estimate either his prowess or guilt accurately. All we can be sure of is that he was kept in jail for years, meanwhile seeking refuge in a form of literary composition which has guaranteed immortality. Possibly the last lines, requesting prayers "for my soul," were actually written on the brink of death.

Mr. Hicks has made a substantial case regarding a matter of very great interest to readers. Our reason for mentioning it here, however, is primarily non-literary. The book reminds us once more of the change which has taken place in American scholarship during recent years. In the early days we were proud of our inventive genius and our students (Miss Delia Bacon is, perhaps, an extreme case) went abroad, with little scholarly training, to establish a thesis which had swooped down upon them in their dreams. Today our trim young doctors, who know all about delving into the most forbidding manuscripts, pack a few bills and magnifying glasses into their grips, saunter into British record offices, and emerge with facts. It is all part of our changed national attitude toward life—our hastening from the visionary abstract toward the irrefutable concrete. The pendulum may have swung too far in the new direction, but for the present the results are interesting.

In the second place, Mr. Hicks's writing quite unintentionally throws considerable light upon ecclesiastical conditions in England about the middle of the fifteenth century. Britain had lost Normandy and was burdened with heavy taxes to pay for the disastrous wars. "Matters were worsened," says Mr. Hicks, "by other evils, among which must be reckoned the removal of bishops from their dioceses in order to perform state duties in London." By attempting to help save the country, the clergy laid itself open to the charge of not doing its own work; and upon this charge Cade's rebellion and similar disturbances were ordinarily founded. Thus we are led to weigh the evidence which seems to prove that the civil activities of churchmen, though often patriotically valuable, redounded to the injury of the Church. Indeed historians are beginning to feel that Church-state relations during the late middle-ages were based far less upon a theory of the superiority of the Church to the state than upon a conviction that the welfare of the second ought to take precedence over other concerns.

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THE SOVEREIGN CITIZEN

WE HAVE been struck, during the past few months, with a curious development in the public attitude toward citizenship. Many people feel that all social activities are functions of the government, so that any other agency which might attempt to deal with a current problem would merit the same scorn as is given to a quack medical practitioner or an impertinent busybody. On the other hand there are those who consider politics only a means wherewith to achieve a moral end. Roughly speaking, the line of demarcation between the two groups is fixed by membership in the more excitable Protestant churches, although these include numerous rebels against the habit of "electioneering for God."

It is a strange coincidence that, for the first time in Christian history, the Catholic finds himself an on-looker at such a debate. Among those who do not like the kind of moral crusading which is now being tried in this country, there prevails an interesting mixture of fondness for a Church which does not insist upon dryness with terror lest the Papacy may nevertheless be planning a subtle attack upon acquired liberties. The protagonists of militant Protestantism, for their part, have not abandoned one jot of their belief that Rome intends to torture every heretic with hot pincers and leathern thongs. We live in the midst of doubts and speculations regarding the Catholic attitude toward American civil institutions and habits. Sometimes a member of the household is asked to state his position, but is listened to incredulously as one who either does not know the sad truth or is constrained to disguise it.

Indeed the Catholic himself is likely to wonder precisely where he ought to stand. Normally he cherishes an intense dislike for laws which impale people into some kind of moral or religious pose. During hundreds of years his ancestors have been victimized by just such laws. To him the situation now prevailing in Mexico is not an abnormal novelty, but an example of what has long been a historical commonplace. On the other hand, he cannot help feeling that current Protestant effort is both a challenge to his self-respect and a prod to his zeal. He realizes that beneath much contemporary "fear" of the Church there lies a real eagerness to keep that Church in subjection. If only the social and intellectual status of Catholics could remain what it was in 1840, the "onward march of Rome" would be automatically halted. At the same time, however, the Catholic knows that his duty as a citizen has not been completely accomplished if he merely says his prayers and goes about his daily tasks. Life is not complete until one has shouldered those duties which belong to the province of the sovereign citizen. Long ago Archbishop Ireland deplored the absence of Catholics from public service, not indeed because he thought this lack of prominence had a bad effect upon missionary activity but only because he was

thinking of the fulness of individual living. And so, from this point of view, one finds oneself legitimately approving the wholeheartedness with which many non-Catholics have studied the business of society.

It is true that whether or not a Catholic President is elected is of no importance to the Church. This is a spiritual kingdom apart from the world. But this election—or rather the question of expediency or title implied in it—is very significant to the individual Catholic. Here we make a distinction which has recently been stated very pertinently by a Viennese theologian, Dr. Eugene Kogon: the Church is, according to century-old doctrine, normally restrained from entering the field of political action as a body or as a clerical group; but it imposes upon its lay members, by reason of their status as citizens, the grave duty of helping to realize the social ideal. This they must accept not so much because they are children of the Church but because they are citizens of the state, which also has authority from God.

To say that a Catholic candidate for the Presidency ought to be elected is, of course, quite as silly as the statement that no Catholic should be a President. But the second is particularly malicious for the simple reason that it is not funny. It is designed to stifle the civic enthusiasm of millions, and to inject destructive bitterness into the national life. How harmful all this may become is apparent from a mere review of the program which the Church recommends to laymen. It is a large and vigorous code, one special and positive aspect of which has been outlined by Dr. John Lapp: "Social work has for its large objective the creation of a social system in which justice shall prevail and in which charity will be freely extended to the unfortunate. To achieve these ends social work has three programs. First, the care of people in distress and poverty. Second, the rehabilitation of those who can be restored partially or completely to self-support. Third, the prevention of the causes which undermine and destroy human beings. Social justice requires the assurance to each individual of life, liberty and opportunity, with due reference to the rights of all other individuals." That some of these good works can be assisted by the right kind of political action goes without saying; that all require earnest leadership is likewise a platitude.

Such work needs to be done, and requires confidence and energy. To it the Catholic can devote himself with no fear of invading a "province" where he does not belong, or of imposing his most intimate beliefs upon others. He is the best kind of missionary when, far from agitating or giving apologetic lectures, he displays himself as just the kind of man his Church wants him to be. During more than a generation he has been trying to live up to just this ideal. If his neighbors do not yet understand what he is about, or mistrust his motives, he must draw upon his reserves of prudence and patience in the hope that some time all things shall be made plain.

COLUMBUS DAY: 1928

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

A FEW years ago I stood before the tomb which enshrined the bones of Christopher Columbus in the centuries-old cathedral of Santo Domingo, with a group of United States senators, headed by the late Medill McCormick, and press association representatives who were touring Santo Domingo and Haiti conducting an investigation. To any American, though perhaps still more to a Catholic American, the place was holy, not only because it was a Christian church, one of the first built in the new world, but because it was associated with that great man with whose name American history really begins. I think of that moment as I read the following foreword to the announcement issued by the Pan-American Union of American Republics of the Christopher Columbus Memorial Lighthouse Competition:

The great historical figure and his stupendous achievements which are to be commemorated, are already definitely situated in their historical perspective, and in their contemplation the competing architects will find the inspirational elements to evoke a full realization of their significance in the evolution of world civilization. To find the perfect symbol which will worthily represent the man and the deed to be commemorated, the artist must seek a universal viewpoint—his vision must include the five centuries of world history in which the discovery of America is the most transcendent fact. He must adjust his conception to the ample proportions of the picture of that historical epoch, in which stand forth in high relief the renaissance, the civilization of the Spain of Isabella, the three American civilizations, native, colonial and modern, the transference of the classic routes of commerce from the inland Mediterranean to the limitless Atlantic and Pacific, and the influence of the new world in the ideological, economic and political orientation of western civilization.

This perhaps is pompous language; but it does convey with something of the force of an inscription chiseled on bronze an intimation of the great meanings which would be symbolized and illustrated by the lighthouse which it is proposed to build in honor of Christopher Columbus, in the city of Santo Domingo.

The prospectus goes on to say:

What is desired then is something fresh and new, spirit and substance as well as form, a noble monument with a message which shall contribute something to knowledge and to thought.

As I copy these words from the sumptuous folio so beautifully printed and illustrated in which the Pan-American Union sets forth its noble plan, I have before me, tacked on a screen and piled on a table, copies of more than a hundred publications which furnish a singular contrast to the Pan-American Union's volume.

They consist of newspapers, pamphlets, leaflets, and posters published and distributed by organizations and individuals for whom the most appropriate symbol that could be displayed on the harbor side of Santo Domingo in commemoration of Christopher Columbus would be the blasphemous beacon of the blazing cross of the Ku Klux Klan—the burning of Christ at the stake.

On this Columbus Day in the year of Our Lord, 1928, and of the American republic the one hundred and fifty-second, the highest hopes and holiest dream of the fathers and the loyal sons of the United States of America, bid fair to glimmer out into darkness, into the sunset of liberty, into the night of the negation of Americanism. Only one thing can avert the doom—namely, the rallying together of all men and women of all political creeds and parties, of all forms of religious faith, or of no religious faith, to whom the American doctrine, tradition, and practice—until now—of the complete and permanent separation of church and state, and of the non-application to candidates for public office of any form of religious test, are the very foundations and pillars of the republic of the United States of North America. Only the practical and immediate application of the same realistic idealism which it is intended that the Christopher Columbus Memorial Lighthouse shall symbolize can possibly avert the submergence of this nation beneath a black flood of hatred, ignorance, superstition and bigotry.

I believe I am not employing rhetorical emphasis but simply trying to tell the truth in the clearest and most forceful terms. I have been told by such men as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. John W. Davis, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, and literally scores of others whose experience as public men and known qualities of judgment and wisdom give to their words impressive force, that the depth, weight, mass and growing momentum of these forces of intolerance which have manifested themselves so amazingly during the last few weeks has brought about a crisis as grave as any that ever threatened the unity and peace, the prosperity and progress, of the American nation.

The circulation of the literature which directly and vehemently opposes the election of Governor Smith because he is a Catholic, and which calls upon all non-Catholics to defeat him on that ground alone, has been estimated by those who for years have studied this movement as having amounted to the almost incredible figure of 5,000,000 copies weekly even before the presidential campaign began. What the number of copies now circulating weekly is is beyond all computation. Millions of dollars are being expended, without return in financial profits, because the vast

bulk of this material is distributed free of cost. The papers and pamphlets are circulated from hand to hand so that each copy has many readers. In addition to this, the same destructive message is being poured forth from radio stations, from hundreds of pulpits and lecture platforms, and is being spread by conversation and letters and postal cards everywhere.

Some of these printed documents are inflammatory to a dangerous degree. They are a direct incitement to physical violence. And it should be fearfully remembered that each previous outburst of bigotry in the United States—that of the A. P. A. movement, of the Know-nothing party, and of the Ku Klux Klan—was accompanied by the burning of churches, the shooting down of men, women and children, and by whippings and brandings and countless forms of minor physical and moral violence. Among my collection there is one poster which is headed: To Murder Protestants and Destroy the American Government Is the Oath Sworn by All Roman Catholics. Then follows the abominable bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus—a base, cowardly, lying fraud which has been exposed over and over again, but which is once more circulating in the most vicious form imaginable—namely, on paper of an official cast headed simply, "taken from the Congressional Record," without a word, of course, to the effect that the bogus oath itself was merely a part of the record of its own exposure spread upon the pages of the Congressional Record. Another poster is headed with a picture under which is the legend: This Is What Will Happen if a Catholic Becomes President. The picture shows men and women strung by their necks to the limbs of trees, while under this human harvest priests are shown disemboweling and burning their victims.

Now, that there are millions of poor souls besotted in ignorance and inherited prejudice which three or four centuries of education and progress have done nothing to dispel, must be sorrowfully admitted, and that these poor souls believe what is told them by their preachers and orators and journalists, is also a shameful but an undoubted fact. But let it not be forgotten that those who poison them know what they are doing. No publisher or printer who uses the unspeakable lie of the bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus but is well aware of the falsity of what he puts forth, and of the penalty that could be attached to his action in a court of law. But they put forth their work in darkness and in secrecy, as all assassins do.

I print on another page of this issue of *The Commonwealth* a photographic facsimile of a statement made by the highest Masonic officers of the state of California who investigated the ritual of the Knights of Columbus. But this statement or the statement embodied in the Congressional Record, or the findings of the various courts which have declared many culprits guilty when it has been possible to bring the perpetrators of this outrage into court—all this is ignored by these poisoners of souls, these assassins of character,

these would-be destroyers of the American constitution and of the free nation built upon it.

That the Knights of Columbus, this body of Catholic American men whose welfare work in the world war (as it had been supposed by them and by their non-Catholic friends) should have won for them the eternal gratitude of the American people, have been made the centre of this tempest of hate, is a fact that is appropriate and perfect in its paradoxical irony. These men were drawn together by the most natural and human (and American) of all motives: the instinct of fraternal unity. They have used the funds of their order to protect their families and their little children against poverty in the event of their sickness or death; or have used such parts as they could afford to help build the noble Catholic University at Washington, or to support the work of the Catholic Encyclopedia (one of the most monumental works of scholarship of modern times). These are the men whose public and private record for the most part would stand the most searching scrutiny of even their bitterest opponents, should that scrutiny be conducted with even elementary fair play—these are the men, I say, and with them every American Catholic from the senior cardinal of the Church in this country down to the smallest boy who goes to church in the early morning to serve the priest at Mass—who on Columbus Day, 1928, are denounced and proscribed as the enemies of the land in which, up to this time (as well they know, in spite of occasional previous flares of bigotry) their Church has grown and blossomed and put forth fruit as in no other place in the modern world—the land the love of which in Catholic hearts is so deep and intense that it cannot be surpassed by the love of any other American heart, no matter what form of religious faith that other heart may follow.

That Christopher Columbus was not only a pioneer of geographical knowledge, an advance agent of world commerce, but was also a fervent lay apostle of Christianity, has been proven by the best informed modern historians of the great discoverer. Certain it is that when court and commerce and science all failed the great dreamer, the Catholic Church sustained and aided him. She blessed his ships sailing out of Palos into the unknown and rejoiced in their return, recognizing in the new world thus revealed the opportunity for the extension of God's kingdom, and the uplifting of souls born in darkness into the light of education, culture and spiritual progress. Through Columbus, Christianity opened the gates of the western world. All the tremendous energies, all the forces and powers of the evolutionary agencies of advancing civilization, thronged through those gates opened in the western wall of the world. Thousands of Catholic missionaries—priests, monks, friars, nuns, Christian Brothers—cheerfully devoted all their forces, all their gifts, to the spiritual, moral and physical upbuilding of American life and culture. Father John Padilla, first martyr of Christianity in the United States, was slain

in Kansas fifty years after the landing of Columbus. Catholic missionaries bore the cross from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi and to the Colorado River in Arizona—and in the path of the cross was sown the seed of the Faith, the blood of the martyrs. Along these paths came the later workers for the Faith and for America. From the twenty to thirty thousand Catholics in 1776 have grown the sixteen to twenty millions of today. What they have done for their country in education, in art, in literature, in science, in commerce, and the professions, and the public service of the state, and on the battlefields of every war, it would require encyclopedias to tell in any adequate measure. And from the birth of the republic until now no class of the citizens of the United States believed more firmly in the principles enshrined in the Declaration of Independence and in the constitution than American Catholics.

On Columbus Day of this year, Mr. John W. Davis, candidate of his party in the presidential election of 1924, will speak to the nation. On the same day Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt will speak to the nation. Mr. Davis will voice what all Americans, of all races, creeds and political parties must protect and cherish if in their hearts they do indeed believe in the threatened standards of religious liberty and the non-enforcement of religious tests for public office. Mrs. Willebrandt will speak—if she uses such terms as already she has used—for those who do not believe in those constitutional guarantees of religious liberty. Columbus Day, 1928, will mark a crisis in the life of the American nation. Shall the Latin-American nations be taught that the United States has deserted its fundamental principle of religious liberty and has set up the rule of bigotry? Shall the memorial that is to be erected to Christopher Columbus at Santo Domingo shine forth in the future to all the world as a symbol unquenchable of all that United States Americans up to this time have held as the most precious heritage of Columbus—or shall it shine there, if built at all, as a paradoxical mockery? Surely there can be but one reply, namely, that United States Americans will stand by their constitution. The blazing cross of the Ku Klux Klan shall not be allowed to represent the results of the achievements of Columbus—it shall not flame forth as the stake at which Christ is burned in the fires of hate.

(We print below the bogus oath attributed to the Knights of Columbus, as circulated by the anti-Catholic press, and on the following page the statement of the Masonic officers of California. The Congressional Record carried the refutation of the bogus oath, a fact which is never referred to by those circulating the libel.—The Editors.)

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OATH

(EXTRACTS—4th DEGREE)

I....., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the Holy apostles, St. Paul and St. Peter, and all the saints, sacred host of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly Father, the superior general of the society of Jesus, founded by St. Ignatius Layola, in the Pontification of Paul the III., and continued to the present, do by the womb of the Virgin, the matrix of God, and the rod of Jesus Christ, declare and swear, that his Holiness, the Pope, is Christ's vice-

regent, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or Universal church, throughout the earth; and that by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given his holiness by my savior, Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, States, commonwealths and governments that they may be safely destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power I will defend his doctrine and his Holiness' right and custom against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatever, especially the Lutheran Church of Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the new pretended authority and churches of England and Scotland, and the branches of same now established in Ireland, and on the continent of America and elsewhere, and all adherents in regard that they may be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred Mother Church of Rome.

I do now denounce and disown any allegiance due to any heretical king, prince or State, named Protestant or Liberals, or obedience to any of their laws, magistrates or officers.

I do further declare that the doctrine of the Churches of England and Scotland of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and others of the name of Protestants or Masons to be damnable, and they themselves to be damned who will not forsake the same.

I do further declare, that I will help, assist and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents, in any place where I should be, in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Ireland or America, or in any other kingdom or territory I shall come to, and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant or Masonic Doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, legal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare that, notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they entrust me, and not divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstances whatever, but to execute all that should be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by any Ghostly Father or any of this sacred order.

I do further promise and declare that I will have no opinion or will of my own or any mental reservations, whatsoever, even as a corpse or cadaver (*perinde ac cadavar*), but will unhesitatingly obey each and every command that I may receive from my superiors in the militia of the Pope and of Jesus Christ.

That I will go to any part of the world whithersoever I may be sent, to the frozen regions of the North, to the burning sands of the desert of Africa, or to the jungles of India, to the centers of civilization of Europe, or to the wild haunts of the barbarous savages of America, without murmuring or repining, and will be submissive in all things whatsoever that are communicated to me.

I do further promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Masons, as I am directed to do, to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will burn, hang, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of the women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same cannot be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulation cord, the steel of the poinard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the persons, whatever be their condition in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do, by any agent of the Pope, or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus.

In confirmation of which I hereby dedicate my life, soul and all corporal powers, and with the dagger which I now receive I will subscribe my name, written in my blood in testimony, thereof; and should I prove false or weaken in my determination, may my brethren and fellow soldiers of the militia of the Pope, cut off my hands and my feet and my throat from ear to ear, my belly opened and sulphur burned therein with all the punishment that can be inflicted upon me on earth and my soul shall be tortured in eternal hell forever.

That I will in voting, always vote for a Knight of Columbus in preference to a Protestant—especially a Mason, and that I will leave my party so to do; that if two Catholics are on the ticket I will satisfy myself which is the better supporter of the Mother Church and vote accordingly.

That I will not deal with or employ a Protestant if in my power to deal with or employ a Catholic. That I will place Catholic girls in Protestant families, that a weekly report may be made of the inner movements of the heretics.

That I will provide myself with arms and ammunition that I may be in readiness when the word is passed, or I am commanded to defend the church, either as an individual or with the militia of the Pope.

All of which I....., do swear by the blessed Trinity and the blessed sacrament which I am to receive, to perform and on my part to keep this my oath.

In testimony whereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further, with my name written with the point of this dagger, dipped in my own blood, and seal, in the face of this Holy Sacrament.

Signature.....

(Copied from Congressional Record of Feb. 15, 1913, page 3262.)

Finding — of — Committee of Freemasons — on — Knights of Columbus Ceremonial & Pledges

WILEY H. FLINT, CHAIRMAN
JAY SPENCE, CLERK
RALPH DAY, ASST. CLERK
J. W. WILSON, ASST. CLERK
C. F. SEIDEL, ASST. CLERK
J. B. HENDERSON, ASST. CLERK



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J. B. BRIDGES, ASST. PRESIDENT

Hon. Paul J. McCormick, Esq.,
Court House, Los Angeles

My dear Judge: I take pleasure in handing you herewith the findings of the committee of Freemasons to whom you exhibited the ceremonials and pledges of the Order of Knights of Columbus.

I am very glad that I have been able, in a measure, to remove his reputation of a slanderer which has been widely circulated and which has been disseminated in many cases by mere meaning but dishonest and deluded persons. I shall see to it that this report has not circulated among Masons and you may use it in any way you deem best to bring about an understanding of the truth among men who, above all others, are in position to know and to follow that which is right and true.

Yours cordially
C. J. 11/1/28

We hereby certify that by authority of the highest officer of the Knights of Columbus in the State of California, who acted under instructions from the Supreme officer of the Order in the United States, we were furnished a complete copy of all the work, ceremonies and pledges used by the Order, and that we carefully read, discussed and examined the same. We found that while the Order is in a sense a secret association, it is not an oath bound organization and that its ceremonies are comprised in four degrees, which are intended to teach and inculcate principles that lie at the foundation of every great religion and every free state. Our examination of these ceremonials and obligations was made primarily for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not a certain alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus, which has been printed and widely circulated, was in fact used by the Order and whether, if it was not used, any oath, obligation or pledge was used which was or would be offensive to Protestants or Masons, or those who are engaged in circulating a document of peculiar viciousness and wickedness. We find that neither the alleged oath nor any oath or pledge bearing the remotest resemblance thereto in matter, manner, spirit or purpose is used or forms a part of the ceremonies of any degree of the Knights of Columbus. The alleged oath is scurrilous, wicked and libelous and must be the invention of an impious and venomous mind. We find that the Order of Knights of Columbus, as shown by its rituals, is dedicated to the Catholic religion, charity and patriotism. There is no propaganda proposed or taught against Protestants or Masons or persons not of the Catholic faith. Indeed, Protestants and Masons are not referred to directly or indirectly in the ceremonials and pledges. The ceremonial of the Order teaches a high and noble patriotism, instills a love of country, inculcates a reverence for law and order, urges the conscientious and unselfish performance of civic duty and holds up the Constitution of our country as the richest and most precious possession of a Knight of the Order. We can find nothing in the entire ceremonials of the Order that to our minds could be objected to by any person.

Monty Newsom, 33°
Past Grand Master of Masons of California.

David T. Wheeler, 33°
Past Grand Master of Masons of California.

W. Rhodes, 33°
Past Master and Master of Southgate Lodge.

Samuel P. T. Lusk, 32°
Past Master and Inspector of Masonic District.

CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE GRADUATE

By PHILIP L. BOARDMAN

FOR two years I followed the prescribed courses, paid the customary fees and sang the insipid Alma Mater songs of a certain mid-western college. Then the American Council on Education conferred a great honor upon the college (so its newspaper proclaimed at the time) by awarding an undergraduate traveling fellowship to one of its students. Thus my American academic career was effectively interrupted by a year at the University of Montpellier, France, where it was officially intended that I study international law and economics. But Montpellier has more than its university; the Collège des Ecossais and Professor Geddes are inescapable factors in the environment.

Anyone who does not know by personal experience who Patrick Geddes is must certainly know of him through the fame of his students and associates: J. Arthur Thompson, Victor Branford and, in America, Lewis Mumford, to name but three. My own experience was that two hours with Geddes revealed more of life to me than ten years of schooling had obscured. He saw that I was not getting what I should out of my sojourn in France, thanks to my previous education in the United States, so he fell upon me in his energetic manner and gave me a mental shaking-up. My lagging interest in conventional economics vanished completely and I planned to stay in Montpellier another year, this time at the Collège des Ecossais. But the Fellowship Committee became alarmed at my intended derangement of its plans and at my intended unorthodox studies with Professor Geddes and hinted, after many months of deliberation, that I had better return to the mid-western college for my fourth year. Thus I resumed my American academic career, after the interruption of fifteen months of European travel and study.

Being a teachers' college, this mid-western institution receives infallible guidance from the Education Department. Therefore, my first step in reorientation was to confer with an individual known as the Head of the Education Department. As I recall, this individual tolerated my account of the French universities for perhaps two minutes before he corrected my ignorance in this manner: "Of course, of course. But forget all that now! You're back in America now and you must remember that the French are way back in the middle-ages as far as education is concerned. We Americans are miles ahead of them in every respect, and if you intend to get anywhere in this great country you've got to learn what we Americans have discovered and accomplished in education."

This conference represents the height of official appreciation and recognition by the college of my foreign studies and experiences. This remarkable

understanding of French civilization was equaled only by the naïve way in which the authorities accepted my credentials from the University of Montpellier. They granted me one year's elective credit on the strength of an unsigned translation that I had made of the original document. This document was neither verified nor examined by the authorities (although the Language Department would have been glad to read it for them) and furthermore, I was never examined in any of the subjects for which the credit was given. For all it concerned the teachers' college, I might as well have studied comparative necromancy at the University of Abyssinia during my fifteen-month absence.

My official status thus settled, I made a program of studies by selecting five or six of the required courses which had been saved up for my return. In the midst of this educational and psychological affliction there was one ray of hope, a sociology course in which I thought Geddes and Branford would be studied. But this hope was doomed; a curricular deity called the Syllabus decreed that the course should be concerned only with "educational sociology." (To have a place in a teachers' college, every course must bear the prefix "educational.") I suggested to the professor in charge that I do outside reading about these men, but as he had never heard of either Geddes or Branford he repulsed my suggestion. Later, I confirmed my suspicions that the English Sociological Review was received regularly at the college library; I feared, though, that it would be disrespectful and perhaps unpatriotic to suggest that the professor read it.

Of course there remained the honorable Head's advice to learn what "we Americans" were doing in "education." I accomplished this in spite of myself, for nowhere was it possible to escape from the blessings of text-books, methods, true-false tests and distribution curves. The much-talked-about "learning process," I discovered, consisted in allowing a text-book to be crammed down one's throat by chapters and then in successfully regurgitating it in the form of true and false responses to thousands of more and less imbecile statements. I saw that most students spent their entire energies in memorizing text-books just so they could pass examinations and "get by" in the courses. And they knew that the only way to get by was to ask themselves not, "Is this right or wrong?" but rather, "Did the text-book say this?" Geddes, I reflected, would denounce such a situation and say that the students were prostituting their intellects, but how the educators would shrink in horror from such plain speaking!

In contrast to this cramming of indigestible text-books, this mania for true-false tests and this worship

of the great god distribution curve, I often thought of the French universities. There, students were permitted to study what they wished and as they wished, being held responsible only for the yearly examinations. Attendance records, objective tests and all the paraphernalia that "we Americans" had invented were unknown, or, at least, unused in France; yet the supply of great scientists, great writers and great statesmen did not diminish. But then, why should I disturb the routine of instruction of this complacent western college by hinting that there were both old and new ideas in Europe? It was much more amusing to watch ultimate educational truth being expressed through the machinery of a teachers' college.

For example, the process of meeting administrative requirements frequently became an intriguing contest in which the student had to match wits with the authorities. Shortly before I was to receive my Bachelor of Arts degree I was informed that I lacked a year's credit in physical education and that my degree would be withheld until this was made up. In this particular situation, I could see little relationship between the degree of Bachelor of Arts (so-called, at least) and playing tennis for a year, so I resolved to play another game instead. I claimed a year's credit for track and natatorial work done while studying in France. Perhaps I did not make it clear that the swimming was quite extra-curricular and took place in the Mediterranean, seven miles from the university, or that the track work consisted in chasing tram-cars around the city of Montpellier; anyhow, I got my degree.

I marvel now that I did not leave this ex-normal school to return no more, but another piece of sheepskin in my possession seems to prove that I did a year of graduate study there. It is true that I was in residence at the institution during that year; as to the study, all my research failed to discover more than a fraction of a graduate course offered in French, Spanish or English. However, by taking all the undergraduate courses that were available in English and anthropology, I managed to earn enough credits for an M. A. in Romance languages. The degree was not finally granted, of course, until a ritual of petty requirements had been properly worshiped.

One step in this catechism was particularly entertaining. It was to get the Placement Bureau to sign dotted line number six of my graduation approval card, and turned out to be a kind of endurance test. That is, I had to listen to an ex-bond salesman lecture for fifteen minutes about the desirability of joining the alumni association and of subscribing to the educational publications of the college. When he was all unwound he gave me a pledge to sign, with this admonition, "Now, don't throw it away. It won't do you any good, for we're going to get you anyhow." I assented temporarily, to get my card signed and to get the degree of Master of Arts; then I disillusioned the unsuccessful salesman as to my gullibility.

Aside from this pastime of fulfilling requirements,

I found much entertainment in admiring the personality of the institution. If I went to interview any of the administrative officers I was forewarned by a conspicuous placard that he was an accredited member of the local chamber of commerce and that all agents and solicitors must have the endorsement of said chamber before approaching him with any proposition. I suspected, though, that dispensers of new educative methods and of grading machines for true-false tests were given special immunity from this ruling. Another observation of mine, more impressionistic than accurate, was that a successful educator must have, in addition to bad grammar and a nasal accent, membership in at least one of the village luncheon clubs. This membership would prevent him from ever being highbrow or snobbish and would help him to maintain the institution's atmosphere of ultra-equality and democracy. The most obvious expression of this social state was that everyone, from the janitors to the president, was known and hailed as "Bill" or "John" or "Bob" by everyone else.

It was only natural, I suppose, that the students should be influenced by their teachers. At any rate, the former were democratic, belonged to countless clubs and fraternities and looked down upon classical subjects and scholarship. But here the harmony ended. The elders decided that all students should attend the weekly assemblies to hear outstanding speakers deliver vital messages; the students, however, would rather cut. Administrative devices for checking up attendance made their appearance. The students invented means of thwarting these checks and thus provoked administrative counter-attacks. Finally, the contest became so ardent that the authorities voted a special distinction to those students who met defeat. Thus, although I could not receive a cum laude with my degrees (for educators are suspicious of Latin) I can swell with pride at the motto stamped on my permanent record: "Assembly attendance unsatisfactory."

The assembly contest, as it progressed through the years, was a very diverting spectacle, but it was rather hard on the outstanding speakers. To lecture to a whispering, restless and defiant crowd seated upon hard benches in the new \$500,000 gymnasium (there being no auditorium) was a task which only American public speakers could and would perform. Once, I recall, a very famous symphony orchestra came to give a program at the college. The European conductor was unfortunately not informed beforehand as to the local standards of audience behavior, and consequently, when the concert was disturbed by late-comers and chronic whispering, he abruptly stopped his orchestra and looked daggers of disgust at the "canaille," as he no doubt muttered under his breath.

Of course there were professors who did not believe this teachers' college to be the acme of educational progress that statistical, educational and psychological circles proclaimed. But these were chiefly the few heretics who had traveled or studied abroad and had

returned to criticize unpatriotically what "we Americans" were doing. One, for instance, was the geography professor who admired Patrick Geddes and who was frowned upon educationally because he would teach geology by field trips and not by true-false tests. Another was the new professor of Spanish and head of the department who unwittingly tried to enlarge and uplift the Foreign Language Department. But the authorities who would not let the American Mercury into the college library for fear students might get an idea were not caught napping. They enthusiastically vetoed the professor's plan to have department fellows teach special courses for doctorate candidates and they caught him red-handed in the attempt to give a graduate course in French for graduate students majoring in French. His department budget would not have supplied the athletic division with chewing gum; the special German instructor received all of \$25.00 a month for his services. But, after all,

this did not hamper the statistical development of the college, and what did it matter anyway that the unique language room had an illegible blackboard when the institution had a fine new stadium and a new presidential mansion?

Once delivered from this mid-western college, I found that France and Geddes could again be believed in and that I recovered remarkably fast from two years of isolation from the world. In fact, I almost become convinced that I am writing an impossible story; then I recall my last impression of the teachers' college and realize that it was all too true.

At the last assembly of the school year this announcement was solemnly and officially made: "All you graduating students ought to have some nice diploma covers. The college has been selling them right along for \$3.00, but now we have a great bargain—only \$2.00 apiece, because we must get rid of them all. Be sure and get yours right away."

CATHOLIC CULTURE IN OUR SOUTHWEST

III: SALVAGING THE OLD CRAFTS

By MARY AUSTIN

THE dark hours of Spanish New Mexico began with the forced retirement of the Franciscans on the establishment of the republic of Mexico. It left the Rio Grande colonies somewhat disaffected toward the new central government and stricken in their cultural life. The conventos which had been established in the Indian pueblos by the missionary monks had to be abandoned, and fell into ruin. Innumerable small "visitas"—community chapels without a resident priest, but visited regularly—had to be satisfied with an annual or even a triennial service.

It is impossible to one unfamiliar with the West to realize the vast scale of the Rio Grande country. The parish of Taos, alone, is the size of the state of Maryland, Socono County was once twice the size of Wales. And the roads of that region, away from the state highway, are mere wheel tracks over sandy wastes, around rocky mountain slopes, down dark canyons whose beds may, in an hour, become roaring torrents. The villages are set in locked valleys, Trampas (the Trap) Hondo (Deep) or like Cordoba and Cundiyo, on sharp-sided hills with the fields far below them, or like Truchas, circled by clayey cienegas, impassable at certain times of the year. Should you, wandering in that country, meet at any hour a Black Gown or Brown, driving a rickety Ford at a crazy pace over impossible deep-rutted traces, give him the road at whatever cost of convenience to yourself; you do not know what human need he hastens to relieve. Even in the best parishes it may be mid-afternoon before the conscientious priest has served all the altars that he can reach with what you would consider a hard

day's driving. And there was a time when many of the beautiful old churches that tourists visit with delight, went unvisited from year's end to year's end.

It was in these dark hours when so many good Catholics in New Mexico had nothing but their empty churches and their burning faith to serve the profound human need of the consolations of religion, that they built up that singular organization known as Los Hermanos Penitentes—the Penitent Brotherhood. I wish to speak at length of this organization about which many Catholics are a little sensitive, seeing in it merely a survival of mediaevalism which shames the modern hour. Undoubtedly it had mediaeval roots, for Oñate in his diary speaks of keeping with his men the penances of the Third Order of Saint Francis, which came into New Mexico with him. Also there exists in old Mexico a passion play frequently performed by the people, that has so many points in common with the Penitente passion play of New Mexico that it is possible that the New Mexican order grew up around the play first and gradually merged it with the whipping penances of which Oñate speaks.

During these dark hours, before the coming of the good Bishop Lamy and the French priests, the two elements combined in a society which had for its primary object the keeping alive of the memory of the Passion of Christ among a people who were nearly shepherdless and few of whom could read. Later Los Hermanos Penitentes was chartered as a fraternal benefit order, but at first it had a purely religious significance, and the "hermano mayor," elder brother, of each chapter modeled his behavior on that of the

Franciscan missionaries. They kept the churches open on holidays, kept candles on the unserved altars, read such services as were permitted them, visited the sick, prayed with the afflicted, buried the dead and settled small difficulties among their members in the spirit of their faith. I have written elsewhere at length on their drama, which began with the first Wednesday in Lent and culminated on Good Friday, with the day-by-day participation of the whole community in a realistic recapitulation of the sacred story.

It must be remembered that during the time, nearly two generations, in which this simple, temperamentally devout people suffered so serious a lack of religious guidance, they were also going through the difficulties of adjustment to the American occupation. One can scarcely speak of the annexation of New Mexico and California as conquest, since there was no real military resistance. Had the Americans been wise, indeed, the transference of allegiance might have been welcomed. But Americans are so seldom wise in dealing with people whose culture and political outlook are different from their own. The people of New Mexico suffered not only the offense of imposition, but the complete upsetting of their economic and social life. Their culture was disdained, their crafts neglected so that they could no longer live by them and they had the greatest difficulty in adjusting themselves to American competition and sharp dealing.

It was inevitable, then, that Los Hermanos Penitentes should have taken on a racial feeling and a political importance out of harmony with its religious mission, without losing its penitential character. As the people's unhappy condition increased the penances became cruelly severe. When finally the influence of the Church was again extended to the remote Placitas and Llanos and Prados, the greatest tact was necessary to reduce Los Hermanos Penitentes to its proper place as a fraternal order of purely neighborly scope. It is enough to say that this, within a generation, was accomplished, so that the society was well on its way toward being that rare thing in American life, a spontaneous dramatic religious expression of the people. Fragments of its ritual collected by the writer exhibit that quality known as folk literature, as has elsewhere been described; it might, indeed, have developed into a passion play superior in sincerity and in naïveté to Oberammergau, but the fatal thing happened. Holy Week of the Penitentes was discovered by the tourist. "Penitente hunting" became a legitimate cross-country sport of the sensation-seeker. Automobile headlights were turned upon their most secret performances; half-tipsy boys and breeched girls waited at the Stations of the Cross, blowing cigarette smoke in the faces of the penitents and discussing loudly and inaccurately the Cristos in terms of the new psychology. Under these circumstances it is probable that the order will disappear without a literary trace.

This is the extreme example of what went on in

respect to many of the sincere expressions of community interest. Saint's days and processions melted away before the uncouth manners of the Americanos. Only in inaccessible hamlets and in the capital, where a greater sense of social dignity prevails, are the old customs kept reasonably intact. Still on Corpus Christi Day in Santa Fé, shrines are erected on the turns of the road, where the Host passes, fires are lighted on Buenanoche (the Good Night) flowers are strewn in the path of La Conquistadora. But even these lovely reminders of a day more colorful and devout are being stroked down into the commonplaceness of what is known as Americanization. There are those of us who recall how, as the procession passed on the night of San Francisco Day between the luminaires—little, low fires—and the wall of the archbishop's garden, the tall black sombreros of the men, the long fringed black shawls of the women, made an unforgettable silhouette, to which the passing murmur of prayer and the click of rosaries kept soft accompaniment. But now the clothes are modern, the rosaries and the fires fewer.

The Indian Catholics do better, for the Indians are not in the least interested in being any more American than they were born. They go right on giving their beautiful dance of the Springing Corn in honor of the Resurrection, as they have done ever since they were converted. They go on giving fiestas in honor of their patron saints on their days, corn dances and the Race of the Swift-Coming Rain, setting up the patrón in a booth of evergreen and bright blankets so that he may enjoy the scene, more colorful and exciting than anything of the kind in America. And on Christmas at midnight—midnight by the clock of the stars—at Taos, you can see Mary carried about the plaza between bonfires, or hear as you wait in the church at San Felipe or Santo Domingo the drum begin, urgent and low like the heart of the midnight beating, and the high, piercing song that precedes the masked and painted figure that comes leaping down the dark aisle, praising God as a buffalo, or hymning the glory of God as once Saint Patrick did, in the Deer's Cry. And as you go home in the small hours, if you see lanterns hung, or penny candles in bags of sand by the doors of the paisanos, you know that they are placed there so that One looking for a place to be born in need look no further. I have seen the Christmas Mass in Florence, in Paris, in London, in the Russian cathedral of New York, but if it were to be my last time on earth of seeing it, I should go to New Mexico.

I have said that the incoming Americanos despised the crafts of the natives. Perhaps I should say that they never saw them. For it seems that a 100 percent United Stater can seldom see anything unless swarms of his fellows are seeing it at the same time. In New Mexico the newcomers built late Long Island and early Ohio houses and furnished them with machine-made stuff brought in expensively over the Santa Fé

trail, and did not know that lovely arts of weaving and carving and painting and dyeing fell into disuse all around them. For what is the good of making beautiful things if nobody will pay a living wage for them? Slowly the natives surrendered to the lure of the mail-order catalogue. Only just in time to save them from oblivion, within the last fifteen years, artists and people of a more sophisticated culture began coming to New Mexico, and discovered that there was still surpassing remainders of the Spanish culture worth saving.

Curiously, it was not Catholics who made this discovery, nor Catholics alone who acted upon it. It was made for the most part by people among whom there is little formal religion, but a sincere love of truth as beauty, and a genuine sympathy with all human effort. The first organized undertaking to save what is left began with the old mission buildings at Acoma and Trampas and other of the mountain towns. These were reroofed where possible and lovingly restored. At the same time painters and writers gathered at Taos and Santa Fé labored to awaken an appreciation for the santos and vultos, the punched tin candeleros, the carved and painted chests, the ancient embroideries and weavings. Finally a definite movement was made possible by the generosity of Mrs. Elon Hooker of New York, to which the archbishop and the governor lent their names, to rescue the ancient handicrafts by creating a market for what the people could make. Considering the distances to be covered, the poverty of the people, and the necessity of educating the buyers at the same time as the workers, the result has been rewarding. The poverty of the mountain districts has been the most serious drawback; even where the will to resuscitate the half-forgotten crafts is present, tools and materials are lacking. The normal school at El Rito has undertaken to revive weaving and the making of furniture, and the artists have been generous of their time and energy, instructing and advising, keeping the old traditions clear and adapting the old designs to modern use. The people most affected are chiefly farmers and wood-cutters, sheep herders and their families. All of these have unoccupied hours which would pass more happily as well as profitably with piece work. Increased earning power among the country people would greatly facilitate the work of the Church in restoring the social and cultural opportunities of the young people.

It must not be supposed that the people themselves have been entirely passive to this resurgence of interest. Quite independently of any outside encouragement a society was organized at Santa Fé a few years ago called El Centaro de Cultura, for the preservation of the songs, dances and dramas of Spanish New Mexico. *La Revista Ilustrada*, edited by Camilo Padillo, has provided an outlet for what has never entirely ceased, the making of songs and poems and the local interest in legend and story. It has been on the whole unfortunate that the Spanish language has

been so loyally preserved as the speech of the descendants of the colonists, since it has proved limiting to the genuine literary ability of this people. It is easy to see how racial pride, as well as racial inertia and the antagonisms of outlook and custom engendered by the American neglect of what is unfamiliar, would have resulted in just this clinging to the language of sixteenth-century Spain. But the result is to cut off the ambitious younger generation from profitable literary expression, since opportunities for publication in Spanish are limited. The same limitation hedges in the native dramatic talent. Where, outside of New Mexico, would drama performed in Spanish find an audience, and where could an actor, however talented, find parts suited to his capacity if he speaks no English?

That acting talent is native to the Spanish-speaking in the Southwest is easily observable wherever they can be found in the relation of speaker and audience. Listen to George Armijo interpreting in the legislature, watch José Sena conducting a religious procession, or the local reader at the village tienda dispensing the news to those of his neighbors who are too poor to buy a paper, or could, perhaps, not read it if they did, and you will see that the impulse which gave life to the "siglo de oro" is not yet decayed.

The last two or three years, as the Anglo audience—Anglo is the local term for New Mexicans other than those of Spanish descent—is augmented, there has been a revival of the old religious plays, such as *Our Lady of Guadalupe*, *Los Moros* and *Los Pastores*. The poverty which characterizes the production of these plays in the outlying placitas (little places) touches the heart profoundly, especially as one sees that it in no way diminishes the aesthetic appreciation which the native audience displays. I have seen *Los Pastores* done with only such stage properties as sheep herders could furnish, and the *Star of Bethlehem* represented by an ill-smelling oil lantern hitched across the stage on a string, but I have never seen it done without reverence, nor without a plastic art which lifted it to a high plane of dramatic consideration. A visit of Miss Alice Lewisohn, of the Neighborhood Theatre, this spring, has made it possible to produce the *Guadalupe* play next winter with something like its proper setting. Thus by the aid of artists of the larger world the ancient arts creep back to free expression.

This year the third annual exhibition and sale of colonial arts, which occurred in connection with the De Vargas Day celebration, very clearly revealed that the greatest drawback to complete rehabilitation of such of the handicrafts as can be adapted to modern use, is not a question of the market but of material and training for the younger generation. That the old people who still have the secret of the old crafts, the dyes and the designs, should be set free to instruct young people with the requisite talent is important. Two or three practical field workers to adapt the old

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designs to modern utilities and bring modern materials within the reach of the settlements far from the railroads and markets, would greatly facilitate the work. In short, what is needed is precisely the same sort of sympathetic interest as has been forthcoming in the case of the New England village industries and the southern mountain settlements. The lack of suitable material is chiefly in the department of women's work. For example, the one industry which could be most practically encouraged among them would be the making of hooked rugs in the old Spanish designs and colors, but New Mexico is very far from the factories and mills where trimmings and mill ends can be easily secured, or from any plentiful source of old clothes and household scraps which could be substituted.

It must be remembered that New Mexico is still sparsely settled, and that the state is no richer than a new state is expected to be. All of the resident religious are so overworked with the daily round of service at the altars, in the orphan asylums and the hospitals and schools that no more can be expected of them. Practically all that is being done is the encouragement of craftsmanship by the artist group and their friends, and, of course, the practical encouragement of the market by the reawakened interest in things Spanish throughout the southern United States.

Unconsciously one falls into the way of speaking of the people of the mountain villages as though they were all that is left of colonial New Mexico. But that is because they are the group that constitutes a problem. Among the old Castilian families there has been adequate accommodation to American conditions. The great estates were broken up and few of them have been able to retain all their former wealth, but they hold their own with the Anglos, taking an active interest in politics and education. But they constitute, at best, a small percentage of the Spanish-speaking population, and such energy of assistance as they can contribute goes into the charities. That is how it happens that non-sectarian Protestants are chiefly responsible for the attempt to preserve the creative remnants of our most important Catholic contribution. That the workers in this enterprise are mostly creative artists knowing that what American art most needs is the mystic warmth of religious perception and the insight which comes of long and intimate communion with the American environment, may have something to do with their interest in less fortunate fellow-artists to whom these qualities are native. That Santa Fé, where the interest centers, is one of the few American communities where impersonal standards of culture are beginning to make themselves felt, makes it not unlikely that the latent energy of beauty in handicraft engendered in the Southwest may yet be made to bear fruit there, in spite of its long neglect. It is not, however, because they are, or have been, unfortunate, that the interest has arisen, but because of the profound conviction in which all visitors to the Southwest concur, that they have something to contribute.

OUR "COLONIAL POLICY"

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THOSE who are studying the underlying facts of so-called imperialism, and the presence in the American structure of factors which do or might produce a tendency in that direction in our relations with other peoples, should find interest and probably a large measure of satisfaction in the increasingly favorable attitude which congressmen are taking toward a plan for readjustment of our whole system of "colonial" administration.

We do not speak of those islands which we administer as colonies, since the principle of territorial acquisition by the United States has been from our very beginnings, the principle of potential self-government, erection to the status of a federal territory and ultimate admission to the union as a full-powered, autonomous, sovereign state.

That principle prevailed from the cession to the federal government of more or less defined claims by the Atlantic seaboard colonies to all the vast interior of the continent, through to the "South Sea," or Pacific Ocean. When these colonies became sovereign states and set up a federal government to perform certain acts which each state could not perform for itself, all these individual state claims were relinquished to the federation as a whole, and to them were added the various regions acquired by cession, purchase and conquest. As long as the operation of settlement, erection to territorial status and final admission to statehood was confined to the mainland, and to population of our own race, there was no difficulty.

With the evolution of the simple, defensive Monroe Doctrine to be the aggressive doctrine of Richard Olney; with the extension of a combination of Monroe's and Olney's concepts to colonial possessions of Europe specifically excluded from the application of his Doctrine by Monroe; with the acquisition of Spanish colonies through the Spanish-American War, and the further and aggressive extensions by Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge of the Monroe-Olney-Cleveland interpretation of American policy to those very sovereign states of Latin America which Monroe partly intended to defend against aggression; and finally, with the need to administer "for their own good" various groups of insular peoples not considered to be assimilable to our own continental population, a haphazard system of insular administration came into being which was and is truly a colonial administration though we cannot call it so and be consistent with our original principles.

Under that colonial system these people have truly been governed for their own material good; there is no serious doubt possible about that. Under our autocratic but benevolent rule they have prospered materially, through sanitation and all its corollaries, improved transportation, a "broader outlook," etc. It

may be suggested that, quite benevolently, we have done in the matter of education exactly what we accuse Mussolini (with some measure of distaste) of doing in the Tyrol. Through the extension of our school system we have forced upon many who did not and do not yet want it, a new national concept and a new language. If that is part of their preparation for full participation in American citizenship and statehood, much can be said for it; if citizenship and statehood are a delusion, the question is completely open to discussion. In the matter of religion we have been honest. Very few of our administrators have shown the slightest hostility to the religion of the natives, though of course the public school system must end inevitably by eliminating Catholic belief from our islands. Where the natives profess Christianity, it has been Catholic Christianity. That has not been recognized in the extension of our school system to them, though in all official and administrative acts it has been meticulously recognized.

The administration of our insular and other territorial possessions falls at present under three executive departments of the federal government: War, Navy and Interior, according to the manner in which they have come into the federal power.

The cases of these insular administrations have been tested before the Supreme Court. Under these decisions the nation has the power to acquire new territory, though Jefferson was by no means sure of it. Congress has the power to govern acquired territory as it chooses. There is apparently no duty in Congress to grant the full status enjoyed by American citizens of the continent, and apparently, also, it is in the discretion of the people of the United States through their federal legislative body to hold such territories as they please, and to deny them admission to the status of sovereign states within the union, if that seems good to us. There is no challenge possible to the excellence of the administration given by the Bureau of Insular Affairs, under Clarence Edwards and General Frank McIntyre. Such men as Beekman Winthrop and Cabot Ward in Porto Rico, Leonard Wood and Charles Magoon in Cuba, Taft, Cameron Forbes and Leonard Wood in the Philippines, have given lustre to American government in dependencies. Various naval officers whose administrations have fallen simply within the line of duty, and who are therefore unknown to the public, have given the highest degree of public service.

Nevertheless, it is legitimate to raise the question after thirty years, whether it is not time to consider the advantages, or perhaps the disadvantages, of a uniform method of administration, some central office in which all that we know of our possessions can be collated, where all their desires, aspirations and needs may be known and studied; where civil government may rest in qualified civilian hands, consistently with a sound American tradition.

A resolution has been introduced for the appoint-

ment of a commission of both houses to study these thirty years of administration, admittedly of a general excellence.

Into its studies must come also problems of strategy, which today are real problems. It is not a practical possibility to pursue our own isolated way regardless of policies of other nations which may be quite incompatible with our own.

We do desire world peace, and it is distinctly a part of American policy to contribute materially to that end. That does not mean, however, that we may deliberately close our eyes to facts, and pursue a policy of pure sentiment. The military establishment of any government is, of its nature, devised for war. It is in no way derogatory to our own, which cannot be classified as "militaristic" in the sense that word is used currently, to claim that, in the matter of our insular possessions, civil administration comes first in importance, though with military strategy as a partner.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE NEW MINUTE MEN

Southampton, L. I.

TO the Editor:—In reply to your telegrams of September 13 which have reached me here, while I prefer not to join any new committees or associations, I am more than ready to express my abhorrence of the amazing outburst of bigotry, intolerance and the zest to persecute which has been gathering force in this country for some years past and which seems to have reached its climax just now.

No more subtle and direct attack upon the foundations of our government and social order has ever been made. It shocks me beyond words to find men and women taking vigorous part in this movement who persist in calling themselves Christians while denying and turning their backs upon the example and the teachings of Christ. The attack is chiefly upon the oldest and largest branch of the Church Catholic today; it may be upon the Jews, the Unitarians, the Quakers, the Mormons, the Christian Scientists, the Lutherans or the Presbyterians tomorrow. It is incumbent upon every lover of his country and every follower of the religion of Christ to stamp it out ruthlessly.

Do you recall the vigorous letter written by Theodore Roosevelt in 1908 when William Howard Taft, as candidate for President, was attacked because of his religious faith and form of worship?

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER,
President of Columbia University.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Unfortunately I cannot be with you at the dinner to be held tonight at the Metropolitan Club. As you know, I am a guest at another public dinner this evening, for which arrangements were completed several weeks ago.

You may be sure that I am heartily in favor of making effective the American principle of religious liberty. That principle has several aspects. While, to be sure, there is complete separation of church and state, there is also assurance that every man may worship God as he sees fit without fear of persecution or discrimination in the exercise of his other rights

and privileges. Indeed, all religions are encouraged in various ways throughout the country because they are regarded as important moral influences in the lives of the people. I wish you all success in your efforts to promote broad religious tolerance and inter-church good-will. The truly religious man, be he Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant, should rejoice in the comfort of his own faith and be tolerant of all honest men of other beliefs. Surely, it is contrary to all American principles for one to discriminate against a man in public or private affairs merely because he holds to a different religious creed.

You are to be complimented upon the type of men you have gathered together. Of all faiths, they have the quality in common of being men of high achievement and unquestioned integrity. Surely they well represent the American spirit of broad tolerance and fair play. If I can be of service to you and to them, please call upon me.

FREDERICK B. ROBINSON,
President, College of the City of New York.

Hartford, Conn.

TO the Editor:—I wired you today that I shall be pleased to accept your kind invitation to attend the dinner at the Metropolitan Club Tuesday evening, September 18.

I am very strongly in sympathy with the purpose of the Calvert Associates, as I am with each and every movement for the promotion of religious tolerance in this country. You can perhaps gain some idea of my views on the subject from the enclosed clipping of an editorial that appeared in the Hartford Courant Sunday.

Whether I should accept membership on the committee that is being formed to counteract the propaganda of intolerance—assuming for the moment that I might be asked to serve—is another matter entirely. I have always felt that the more free a newspaper editor keeps himself from personal membership in organizations and associations, the more influence he is likely to have with his readers. Nobody can then say that his viewpoint is prejudiced or prepossessed for any particular cause because of his direct connection with it.

But I do certainly want to attend this dinner, both because of my sympathetic attitude toward its object and to get firsthand information concerning a matter of tremendous consequence to the domestic peace and welfare of our country. I therefore very much appreciate the honor you have paid me by including me among the invited guests.

M. S. SHERMAN,
Editor, the Hartford Courant.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I am very much honored by your invitation to serve as a member of a non-sectarian, politically non-partisan committee of the Calvert Associates, Incorporated. I find myself, however, so occupied with the work connected with the opening of the academic year that I cannot give any time to additional activities.

I am in sympathy with any plan that has as its object the putting down of religious bigotry.

THOMAS S. BAKER,
President, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Replying to your favor of September 13, I shall necessarily be out of the city on September 18, and therefore may not attend the dinner at the Metropolitan Club.

Of course I am entirely in sympathy with Mr. Cram's com-

ments on the subject of any political appeal to religious prejudice, and his appreciation of the dangers to our republic that lie in the political power of the ignorant, prejudiced and superstitious when they more or less band together in a determination to dictate social legislation.

L. C. ANDREWS,
Director General, the Rubber Institute, Inc.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Much as I approve the purpose of your meeting on Tuesday next, it is impossible for me to attend on account of a previous agreement.

N. F. BRADY.

Charlottesville, Va.

TO the Editor:—Your invitation to the dinner next Tuesday is highly appreciated but it is impossible for me to be present. The university has just opened and I cannot get away. I am in full sympathy with the purpose of the Calvert Associates and hope your dinner will promote the good cause.

W. M. FORREST,
*Professor, Biblical History and Literature,
University of Virginia.*

(This letter was received by Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, one of many of the sort sent not only to him but to all who have raised their voices against the rising tide of bigotry now flooding the country, and to which the other letters in this section suggest the only answer possible—definite organization to maintain the guarantees of the American constitution. We are reprinting the signature appended to the letter, but desire to state that we have no proof that the author is really an Episcopal clergyman. Indeed, we greatly prefer to believe that he is not. Many of the authors of scurrilous epistles now being received by men who have taken a definite stand against religious prejudice as a factor in the campaign are nonentities or worse, who assume the veil of a station in life higher than their own or even forge names to which some prominence is attached.—The Editors.)

Dear Ralph:—Your head seems to be "Cram" full of bunk. Evidently you are very ignorant of the Roman lady (Revelations, 17) and your education as a churchman has been neglected.

The "recrudescence of blatant bigotry operating through cowardly Jesuit methods" is enough to make you express your disgust at the ignorance and superstition of popists who seek to undermine the public school system.

Thousands of Protestant Democrats are so sickened at the thought of "Mr. and Mrs. Al"—"youse spoke a mouthful"—in the White House that they intend to work and vote for Mr. Hoover.

May Senator Simmons of North Carolina swing the N. C. electoral vote to Mr. Hoover!

Notwithstanding the efforts of the discredited Temperance Society, 90 percent of the Episcopal clergymen are for Mr. Hoover.

We also intend to strike one good hard blow against the sinister and ominous influence that, cloaking itself under the name of a spurious form of the Catholic religion, is the most perfectly organized agency in the United States and the one which most immediately threatens whatever we have left of civil and religious liberty, strikes most deeply at the very roots of the public school system and if successful, will result in the

dominance of illiterate vulgarity as expressed in drunken Irish Catholic priests.

On the other hand, if you are really enamored of this "popal lady," why not become a part of her entourage?

Of course, we expect Al Smith will "skim the scum" of both parties but the *cream*—Mr. Hoover—will rise to the top. Regards to "Mick" Williams.

FROM A PRIEST OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

P.S. You are a cheerful "lemon" about Catholic Spain—I've been there.

SOME TELEGRAMS

Seal Harbor, Me.

Open Telegram. Your telegram received. I shall stand absolutely firm in defense of religious liberty, separation of church and state and exclusion of ecclesiastical questions from American politics. But I prefer to do this personally and independently and not to join any committees, even though I approve their objects. I advise publication and circulation of real vow of Knights of Columbus, in contrast with the bogus oath which intolerants are crookedly circulating to stir hatred against Catholics.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Columbus, Ga.

Sincerely regret my inability to accept your invitation for next Tuesday evening, and, while I would be unable to serve on your committee, I shall be glad to coöperate in every way in your effort to combat the spread of religious intolerance. Am writing you.

JULIAN HARRIS.

Baltimore, Md.

Regret that engagements here will prevent my attending dinner Tuesday night. I am in full sympathy with your purposes.

JOHN H. LATANÉ.

Washington, D. C.

I shall be very glad to serve as a member of the committee suggested in your telegram of September 12.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Very sorry that other engagements will prevent my accepting your invitation to dinner at the Metropolitan Club September 18. I heartily agree with Mr. Cram's letter and wish you every success.

BENEDICT CROWELL.

THE PRESBYTERIAN POSITION

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editor:—Since you have published a statement of the Evangelical Lutheran position on the relation of church and state, you may be able to find room for one sentence presenting the Presbyterian point of view. Chapter 31, Section 4, of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith reads as follows: "Synods and councils are to handle or conclude nothing but that which is ecclesiastical, and are not to intermeddle with civil affairs, unless by way of humble petition in cases extraordinary, or by way of advice for satisfaction of conscience, if they be thereunto required by the civil magistrate."

HENRY SEVERANCE WHITE.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Elmer the Great

GEORGE M. COHAN has not yet abandoned the American flag! That is the moral we must deduce from the program statement that Mr. Cohan presents the American Actor, Walter Huston, in Ring Lardner's American Comedy, *Elmer the Great*. It must surely be an oversight that the play itself is not described as being based on America's national game. In other words, *Elmer the Great* is all about baseball. The only serious objection you can raise against it is that baseball itself has been too much neglected for the mechanics of routine comedy.

It is by no means an original remark to say that the oncoming season has devoted extraordinary attention to professional people—plays about actors, plays about prize-fighters, plays about newspapermen, and now a play about the professional baseball man. It would be almost a relief to see a few plays about ordinary folks. But it so happens that the managers have their eyes glued on the elements of novelty, and the ordinary human emotions no longer seem to interest them particularly.

As a character study, *Elmer the Great* is concise and pointed. It starts by taking you into the home of Elmer Kane, whose local prowess as a pitcher has brought him under the eye of a New York club. This first act is just Kane all over—Kane sleeping, Kane eating as no other man ever ate, Kane boastful and Kane in love. Later on, when he is moved to the training quarters of the team in the South, there begins a rather absurd plot, based on the scandals of a few years ago, in which professional gamblers try to tie up Kane in such a way that he will have to throw the series. Obviously he finds a way out—that is preordained in the nature of comedies of this sort—with the result that the action begins to lag heavily and suspense is very limited. Whenever Kane himself is on stage, swaggering, boastful, obstinate and lovable, the play takes on a certain engaging quality of life. But the restless mechanics of the plot, such as it is, protrude themselves at all other times.

The cast, which requires the presence of an entire baseball club on stage, assumes almost musical-comedy proportions. But Tom Blake, as a baseball scout, Kate Morgan, as a highly individual maid, and Nan Sunderland, as the determined boss of Elmer Kane's fate, all contribute excellent characterizations. And Walter Huston himself is incomparably apt. It is a play with undeniable good spots but many tedious passages in between. (At the Lyceum Theatre.)

Eva the Fifth

KENYON NICHOLSON, author of *The Barker*, and John Golden have concocted a little play about an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe at which the highbrows of the theatre may sniff rather contemptuously, but which, to my way of thinking, is one of the pleasantest and best sustained comedies of a simple order that have appeared for many months. It is, of course, another play about professionals and, genealogically speaking, one of that long line of which *Burlesque*, *The Royal Family*, *Excess Baggage*, and *The Barker*, have been sturdy if varied members. Mr. Nicholson's sympathies, however, seem to lie with the vagabond outskirts of the theatrical profession rather than with the more established crew. Perhaps it is that which gives his play a pleasantly romantic flavor as distinct from the more biting, supposedly sophisticated tinge of plays like *The Royal Family* or *Burlesque*. Nicholson is not particularly concerned with the ambitions of actors in small-time circuits to

reach Broadway. He is content to let his characters remain in their own regular surroundings and work out their story from the material right at hand. This makes for simplicity and it also makes for a rather tender universal quality and for a pleasantly elusive charm.

One is not surprised, then, to find that Hattie Hartley is the fourth of her family to play the part of Little Eva in the Uncle Tom troupe—or "Tom Show," as the inner phrase goes. Hattie doesn't care a hoot about moving to Broadway or graduating into Sarah Bernhardt rôles. On the contrary, the one terror of her life is that she may outgrow the possibility of playing Eva. Her professional terror reaches a fine height of comedy when, through various circumstances, her little sister is given the part on a certain evening, and shows signs of making a success of it. The whole inconsequential, delightful story revolves around the efforts of Hattie and Mal Thorne (who plays Legree in the troupe) to save the fortunes of the company after they have been left stranded on the road by their manager. Hattie is almost ready to marry herself to Newton Wampler, a prosperous furniture dealer (and undertaker) of Hiawatha, Kansas, and is only saved from this necessity by the advent of a serious flood which enables the troupe to give a benefit performance and replenish the empty treasury. It is at this performance that Hattie's pugnacious little sister, Oriole, takes over the part of Eva, thus becoming Eva the Fifth. From then on Hattie's jealousy provides rare entertainment. In a moment of malign rage she allows the greedy little Oriole to eat endless quantities of candy, with the result that Eva's death scene turns into a hilarious case of the collywobblers. The curtain has to be rung down and Hattie, now alarmed and repentant, has to finish the performance.

As you can see, there is nothing of the slightest importance in the whole play. Probably for that very reason it furnishes a more refreshing kind of entertainment than managers have permitted us to see for quite a while. Of course I feel like writing a long protest about the wasting of Claiborne Foster's talent in such a part as Hattie Hartley. No one could play it better, but on the other hand, there are several who could give a perfectly satisfactory performance and release Miss Foster for the kind of work she ought to be doing. Little Lois Shore, as Oriole, continues that vein of convulsing comedy for which she first became known in the Grand Street Follies. If anything better than Eva's death scene, under the influence of too many chocolates, has been seen around here, I certainly don't know of it. The rest of the cast enter thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion. Eva the Fifth ought to be established in our midst for a long time to come. (At the Little Theatre.)

Chee-Chee

FORTUNATELY, it will take but a few lines to dispose of Chee-Chee. It is one of the most pretentiously boring musical spectacles seen for many moons in these parts. That hitherto successful combination known as Fields, Rodgers and Hart have provided neither clever dialogue, interesting lyrics nor engaging music. The star of the occasion, Helen Ford, wears the most unbecoming costumes conceivable, and the remaining members of a good caste including William Williams and George Hassell, Betty Starbuck and Stark Patterson, can do nothing interesting with the lugubrious filth provided for them. Of action there is none. Of drama there is none. Of filth there is plenty, but even here it is all of one kind, so that the most eager searcher for that kind of thing would be unutterably bored by the end of the second of the seven scenes.

The producer of this nauseous dose is Lew Fields. The

whole mess results from an attempt to dramatize and musicalize the novel known as *The Son of the Grand Eunuch*. The chief and only source of attempted stage merriment thus becomes the theme of emasculation, actual or threatened.

All of which leads to a topic of no small importance—namely the stupidity of present-day theatrical managers. I use the word stupidity because it establishes the one possible common ground between those who like a decent theatre and those who are striving at top speed to debauch the theatre. For the sake of clarity, we might eliminate from the discussion a certain limited group of managers who are honestly seeking theatrically good plays. Their judgment of a play's ethics may be wobbly at times, or they may subscribe to that ridiculous notion that art and ethics have nothing to do with one another. But on the whole, they have honest intentions. They are the exceptions, however, and in the business of producing the two hundred or so new plays which flood Broadway every season you will find, for the most part, a curious group of promoters whose one mission in life seems to be to smell out the particular kind of dirt which will bring shekels across the box-office window in any particular season. They are never originators. They wait timorously until they see what bolder spirits will do and then they hurry into dark corners to find ways and means of doctoring old scripts to suit the public fad of the moment. It is this group whose outstanding quality is stupidity. For are they not out to make money? And do they think that even in the business of staging pornography, the public is unable to detect and resent cheap imitations? Is there not one of them intelligent enough to see that the surest way of emptying the public purse is, now as always, to provide something different from the common run of plays?

I'll wager my bottom dollar (and that's not always a hard dollar to find!) that the self-same public which has been fed up on profanity, lewdness, sadism and all other forms of mental tripe masquerading as wit or wisdom, would rush in a body to see a finely written, strongly staged romantic play, dealing with a simple but colorful human emotion. It would be a startling event. It would have all the novelty of a green tree suddenly sprouting in the middle of Wall Street or Times Square. It would be a nine-day wonder—only, that instead of running nine days, it would be going strong after nine months. If ever there was a time when an astute manager had a chance to commercialize cleanliness, that time is right now. And when we speak of a man as stupid in a business way, we generally mean that he is blind to the possibilities at his doorstep. Instead of picking up a story about mutilations in China, the really clever thing would be to find a story about a couple of romantic young fools in Yonkers. The public stomach is very near indeed to the point of acute indigestion. You could see it on nearly every face at Chee-Chee. (At the Mansfield Theatre.)

Lament

Fair fruits are mellow
And the vine grown ripe,
Sing of the harvest
With timbrel and pipe.

O laureate Arcady,
When through thy vales I ran,
Panting, pursuing Pan,
Why didst thou let me?
Why didst thou pass me?

JOHN S. KENNEDY.

BOOKS

The Status of Crime

The Repression of Crime, by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

The New Criminology, by Max Schlapp and Edward H. Smith. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$4.00.

The Criminal and His Allies, by Marcus Kavanaugh. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill and Company. \$3.00.

BOOKS, reports and articles on crime flow from the printing press and bindery in great floods, and the bewildered public knows not which way to turn. We are told of the enormous, almost astounding, increase of crime; we are scared with the evidence of a crime wave (whatever that is); we feed our fears daily from the printed page. Few stop to inquire about the facts; fewer still are willing to accept them when found. Anything in print about crime passes for truth.

Fortunately there are some substantial volumes produced amid the welter of crime stuff. The three volumes under review should receive extra credit by comparison with much of the current output. Each has points of excellence in it although in different degrees each caters to fears and prejudices. All of them accept, without much reservation, the scareheads about tremendous increases in crime.

The Repression of Crime is a treatise on the history and problems of crime and punishment by the versatile professor of historical sociology of Smith College. It is a well-documented review of the theories of crime and its causation, the historical development of the prison system in the United States, including a special chapter on the part played by the Pennsylvania Prison Society in prison reform, criminal jurisprudence in its American evolution, prison industries historically traced, the evolution of modern penology and trial by jury. It includes a searching chapter on the way prisons punish the human mind, a summary of recent literature on crime which would delight the heart of an earnest bibliophile and a summary, almost conventional, of a program for prevention, reformation and punishment. As might be expected from Professor Barnes's social views, the book treats sympathetically all of the modern methods and standards of criminology, and it is notable that, in the program outlined "expert biological, psychological and social advice should be available to the sentencing judge so that the sentence may be made to fit the criminal rather than the crime."

The New Criminology is the work of two authors whose lamented deaths occurred before the volume came from the press. It is based principally on the work of Dr. Max Schlapp who was for several years connected with the Cornell Medical College and served on several commissions dealing with problems of social pathology. It was he who suggested as early as 1911 to Alfred E. Smith the idea which germinated in the plan recently suggested by the governor for a criminological board to impose sentence on convicted criminals. The co-author of the book, Mr. Edward H. Smith, was an author and newspaper writer who had devoted much time to research in coöperation with Dr. Schlapp.

The book is subtitled *A Consideration of the Chemical Causation of Abnormal Behavior*. While it reviews briefly the development of theories about crime and the relation of free will to crime, its central theme is mental deficiency and the part which glands play in the development of abnormal personality. Subjects such as Cells, Glands, and Men, The Faults of Mothers, Mental Deficients as Criminals, The Mechanism

of Behavior, Emotional Criminals, Murder and Disease, serve to illustrate the scope of the book.

Greatest interest in a book of such startlingly new pronouncements will naturally center in the program. The authors have no sympathy with the hysterical literature of crime. Speaking of printed matter on crime they say: "The pity of it is that all these laborings and strivings are, with notable exceptions, as arid as Gobi and as empty as the moon. Most of the publications are amateurish and vacant cheers for the present system, its efficient police, the excellent laws and the upright judge, always toward greater severity, deeper reaction." Needless to add that the program has nothing to do with severity. Briefly, it calls for the indeterminate sentence, a central detention hospital, research laboratories, true segregation, compulsory medical treatment, supervised release with a more elaborate parole system. The program plainly goes to the extremes on the medical side, even to the extent of sterilization of the unfit. In the acceptance, to an extreme, of a single theory lies the fault of the book. There are other causes of crime besides the physical. We are not to go back to Lombroso for the sole solution.

The Criminal and His Allies, is by Marcus Kavanaugh, a judge of long experience on the criminal bench of Cook County (Chicago). The book was written to arouse the people and goad them into action. The author does not conceal his opinions. In that lies the principal virtue of these pages. "This book," he says, "has no concern with the reformation of criminals, the alleviation of their sufferings in prison or with excuses of or palliation for their misdeeds. Enough and too much is being written and done by others in that regard. The work I offer has sympathy instead for the law-abiding who have suffered at the hands of criminals."

The book is an alarm, perpetually ringing throughout its pages. Judge Kavanaugh keeps us hovering over the abyss at all times. Probably an alarm is needed but alarms cannot be promiscuous and at the same time effective.

There are several good chapters particularly those relating to the courts. A chapter on the insanity defense is well done. The weak parts are in its one-sided view and in its indiscriminate use of statistics. There ought to be a prohibitory law against the use of statistics unless the same have been certified. Comparisons are made with abandon. Thus when dealing with foreigners in crime, the author joins the hue and cry. "Two-thirds of the crimes in the United States are committed by persons born in Europe or by their immediate descendants," he says, without a shred of statistical or other proof. Figures for Minnesota and New York are cited, showing a high rate of criminality among foreign-born and their children. If the author had gone to the statistics of population he would have found that the proportion of criminals was only about the same as the proportion of foreign-born and their children in the total population. Sixty-five percent in Minnesota and 64 percent in New York of the total population were foreign-born or had one or both parents born abroad. A fairer analysis would be to compare the population fifteen years of age and over. This would show that the foreign-born and their children, in spite of their handicaps, have not a higher rate of criminality than the native whites of native parents.

Repression is the keynote of Judge Kavanaugh's book. Stern justice is his ideal. Yet his treatment of such problems as the first offender, probation and juvenile delinquents and even of capital punishment shows a sympathetic understanding not in conformity with the general spirit of the book.

JOHN A. LAPP.

Two Englishwomen

The English Miss, by R. H. Mottram. New York: The Dial Press. \$2.50.

Race, by Mary Grace Ashton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.50.

THERE is surprisingly little, in either penetration or craftsmanship, to distinguish the first of these novels, by a writer already eminent in the list of serious modern English fiction, from the second, by an eighteen-year-old newcomer to those ranks. This is not intended as an unreserved encomium for Miss Mary Grace Ashton. Genuine and generous appreciation she does merit, for her theme is courageously chosen, and she writes with honest absorption in it and without a trace of either the self-conscious virtuosity or the fatigued sophistication which are the commonest marks of the very young fictioneer who has reason to think well of himself. But *The English Miss*, on the other hand, is certainly not the most remarkable of the novels of Mr. R. H. Mottram. And while there are plenty of humor and substance in it to make good reading, to say that another book stands up well to it is an altogether different pitch of praise than it would be, for instance, to say that another book stands up well to the semi-epical *Spanish Farm*.

The great war is, in a sense, again the theme in *The English Miss*; but it is a theme muted, minor, remote. Marny Childers has barely attained young womanhood when the war comes; and as the book is the story of her sheltered and, on the whole, unrealizing existence, the rending and bitter struggle enters the book no more positively than it enters her life. She is one of the safe ornamental fringes of the dreadful, distant pageant of anguish—a member of a smart and shining "unit" which is far too well drilled and creditable looking at home to be sent abroad. It is only after the armistice is signed that Marny finally goes to France, ostensibly as a member of a repatriation committee, really to see Rex's grave; for Rex, her playmate from babyhood and, at the very last, her shyly accepted lover, had died of influenza in France, futilely and ingloriously died without fighting at all. It is her accidental discovery, on this forlorn little pilgrimage, of Rex's unworthiness, and another man's deeper love, that completes the saga of Marny's girlhood and shows her to us, we are intended to feel, a woman.

Only the difficulty lies in really feeling it. We accept the earlier Marny—wholesome, loyal, religiously dedicated to sport, completely and, if one may say it, proudly inarticulate—as an authentic symbol; her deficiencies and even absurdities are quite evident to us, as they are to her creator; but he is able to make us sense the touching simplicity and at the same time the formidable strength of all the uncomplicated personalities, cut on precisely the same racial pattern, for which she seems to stand. But so adequate a symbol is, in a sense, static. It already has its prime significance and to depict it as gaining from the enrichments of deepening experience is almost to shift the mood in which we were originally asked to approach it. At any rate, Mr. Mottram succeeds better with his lovable and limited Marny in the earlier half of his book than he does when she confronts life's disillusionments and compensations.

Marny Childers, undistinguished in taste or intellect, rudimentary in character, unsubtle and in an ultimate sense unspiritual, but strong and straight, is the greatest contrast conceivable to that other Englishwoman, Evelyn Schenstein, who dominates *Race*. A Catholic, gently bred, of exquisite habit and tastes, but desperately poor, she had lacked, in her youth, the force to withstand the promise of wealth, and had married her richest suitor, a Jew. Thereafter, she had lacked the force

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to stand against him and his united family in the religious education of their son Ivan. Emptied and utterly beaten, she spends the years of Ivan's young manhood in following the only resource, seemingly, open to such passive natures—in dying, slowly and imperceptibly but quite definitely, of the life she has chosen and the lack of the things she has given up. Yet she dies with dauntless and imperturbable grace, does Evelyn Schenstien, for to be lovely and graceful is her nature; and she still has her own certainties, besides. Though she has betrayed them, and they, in turn, are destroying her, they impart to her enough of their strength to anchor her son securely to her. By education Ivan belongs to his father's tradition, by temperament and affection, he is wholly his mother's. It is he who—only half understanding—brings a priest to her dying bedside; and it is she whose influence, lingering on after her death, prompts his final break with his father's people and his own marriage with a Catholic.

The realities and tragic problems contained within this outline are, of course, too large for any novel—too large, certainly, for the novel of a beginner, in her teens. And yet, on the whole, Miss Ashton is astonishingly objective and philosophic. Herself, perhaps, a Catholic—though one is not sure—she has nevertheless held the scales even between the forces she essays to portray. Aside from the study of Evelyn Schenstien's individual weakness, there is no childish apportionment of blame, but a sober recognition of the fact that such a marriage as she depicts represents not so much the invasion of one personality by another as the clash of alien worlds. Within the limits of her knowledge, she treats both with fairness; and that knowledge itself, though it is subject to occasional curious failures, impresses, if one may say so, as being almost precociously mellow. Her immaturity shows mainly in the general haste and mechanical management of the end of her book, after her main character has left the boards and the difficulty of sustaining the action without her begins to weigh. The ability to carry her novels to a full and just conclusion will undoubtedly come to Miss Ashton with time. And it will be worth waiting for.

MARY KOLARS.

Naples Old and New

Napoli: Guide-book to Naples of the Italian Touring Club.

The Story of Naples, by Cecil Headlam. Mediaeval Towns Series. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.50.

THE phrase "See Naples and die" is capable of two interpretations, according to whether you are an enthusiastic partizan or a disillusioned enemy. Of all those who have visited the siren city, there can be few who remain indifferent—they are either powerfully attracted or violently repelled, become either pro-Neapolitans, or anti-Neapolitans. The latter are those who have seen the city on a wet day, have driven about its squalid back streets, have been disgusted by the grasping nature of its porters and cab drivers, and, above all, have failed to see Naples through the glamour of its varied and romantic history. The pro-Neapolitans are those who have resolved not to be put off by first impressions, even though the rain be falling and Vesuvius invisible across the bay. They have waited for the sun, that wonderful, transforming southern sun; they have seen Naples en fête, they have witnessed the gaiety the Neapolitans can bring to all their religious festivals, they have caught the infectious fervor of its child-like faith. Above all, they have seen Naples of today as the latest scene in a marvelous historical pageant which embraces more than two thousand years and counts among its actors

Greeks and Samnites, Romans, Goths, Normans, Spaniards, Hohenstaufens, Bourbons.

With these two handy-sized books in his pocket the visitor to Naples will require little else. The volume of the Italian Touring Club is a veritable cyclopedia; it out-Baedekers Baedeker, and because it is so complete and up-to-date in its statistical and typographical information, is much to be recommended for use in a city which in the last few years has changed so much, and is still changing with the remaking of streets, the destruction of slums and the removal of ancient landmarks. And it is not only the city itself which is described in such well-arranged detail; the volume covers all the immediate neighborhood, such as Pompei; whose latest discoveries are well set forth—as also in Mr. Headlam's book—Cava, with its great Benedictine monastery, and Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of Saint Paul's landing. The historical side is rather lightly touched upon, but to supply this gap Mr. Headlam's volume comes in admirably. Graphically he summons before us not only the mediaeval Naples which is all his sub-title promises, but Naples in all its many phases. Clearly he is an enthusiast, and those who see Naples under his guidance—provided always that the sun be shining—will hardly remain indifferent to its charm. Three things only we could wish improved—a fuller account of Saint Thomas Aquinas and his connection with the lovely church of Saint Domenico, a description of the feast of Saint Januarius which does justice to the wonderful spontaneous outburst of faith which marks that day, and takes into account the serious examination of the blood-miracles of Naples which has been conducted by such authorities as Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., and, finally, a less intolerant attitude to the creations of the Baroque period.

JOHN STAPLETON.

Idealists in Review

Idealism as a Philosophy, by R. F. Alfred Hoernle. New York. George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

THERE are probably few topics upon which the general reading public is less well informed than upon philosophic idealism; the name and a few vague ideas connected with it are all that have become common property. Professor Hoernle's *Idealism as a Philosophy* is intended, according to the preface, to be an introduction to the subject—a kind of map to indicate the general outline of the territory and the chief arteries of travel. Its scope, however, is much narrower than the title would indicate. The author, after a cursory glance at Plato and Aristotle, confines himself to modern idealism, and even here is highly selective in his treatment.

He divides modern idealism into four types: spiritual pluralism (represented by Bishop Berkeley and James Ward) spiritual monism (represented by Schopenhauer and Bergson) critical idealism (represented by Kant) and absolute idealism (represented by Hegel, Bradley, and Bosanquet). Spiritual pluralism is "the theory that reality is an ordered society, or hierarchy, of minds or spirits"; spiritual monism is "the theory that reality is the manifestation of a single spiritual force or principle, impersonally conceived"; absolute idealism is "the theory which interprets reality as the 'appearances' of the absolute"; while critical idealism is merely the examination of the possibility of any theory of reality.

This approach to the subject is interesting but very confusing. It is hard to see why Professor Hoernle should consider "spiritual monism" as specifically a subdivision of modern idealism in particular, while the inclusion of Schopenhauer

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and Bergson introduces a number of problems irrelevant to any idealistic issues. In fact, throughout the volume, there is a multiplicity of specific problems which are not tied together by even the shadowy thread of a working definition of idealism. As a result the author's terrain seems exceedingly ill-bounded: almost any philosophic theory, apparently, can boast the title of "idealistic" provided at some point it stresses the importance of "mind" (also undefined). Recent realistic philosophies have particularly prided themselves upon their return to clear and sharp definitions. After reading this representative of the older methods, able philosopher though he is, one is inclined to shout for the realists.

Professor Hoernle's undoubted ability appears, not in the general structure of his volume, but in his detailed study of the two philosophers with whom he is most in sympathy, Berkeley and Bosanquet. The chapters devoted to Berkeley are the more rigorous and critical, but, on the other hand, the fact that less has been written upon Bosanquet makes the exposition of the latter's thought particularly valuable. According to Professor Hoernle, the importance of the German idealistic tradition—from which, of course, Bosanquet stemmed—is to be seen chiefly in its influence upon history and sociology rather than in its dialectical solution of ontological problems. This is but one of the many cogent and illuminating conclusions which the author reaches en passant. Idealism as a Philosophy is neither sufficiently clear nor sufficiently complete to make it, as Professor Hoernle hoped, a satisfactory introduction to the subject, but it will be a useful companion volume for the student already oriented in the field.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Men Who Saw God

Men and Manners in the Days of Christ, by J. P. Arendzen.
St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$2.75.

THE sub-title, *Studies and Character Sketches of the First Century* gives, on the whole, an accurate description of this work. It is a series of essays "loosely connected" as the author says in his preface, most of which have been previously published as separate articles in the *Dublin Review*, the *Catholic Gazette* and the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. There are seventeen of these essays, each replete with accurate and scholarly information on the subject treated. Indeed, the accuracy and scholarliness are apt to be their chief drawback in the popular mind, for they presuppose a considerable familiarity with critical and academic standards, and not a little knowledge of the so-called "learned languages."

To the priest or lay student who is capable of digesting them, and of translating them into everyday language, they are a veritable mine of information, and, while they cannot be lightly skimmed through, they will amply repay the careful study which is needful in their reading. Particularly valuable at the present time is the first essay on *The Date of the Death of Christ*, touching as it does the whole question of a fixed Easter. Each of the others, too, offers a store of facts for the student who happens to be in need of a short summary of the findings of true scholarship along the lines which are treated.

Published with the imprimatur of the vicar-general of Westminster, together with Dr. Arendzen's reputation for care in his statements, the whole book is, of course, entirely Catholic in its teachings and is a valuable addition to the literature treating of the time when Christ walked the earth as Man.

FLOYD KEELER.

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South of Dublin

The Riddle of the Irish, by J. Chartres Molony. New York: George Sully and Company. \$2.50.

A WRITER of singular charm, who has attained a mellow "anecdotal," has given us here a tranquil, happy book; a friendly and deeply understanding book and, indeed, the best and worthiest book of its kind that has appeared since Shane Leslie wrote *The End of a Chapter* a dozen years or so ago.

A Protestant born and bred in County Clare, in the Catholic south of Ireland, Mr. Molony recalls the daily life—and prejudices—of his own people, the Irish Protestant gentry, during the last few decades of the nineteenth century. To one of truly Catholic sympathy, there is much here that is delightful; to one who would arrive—arduous and thankless task!—at a dispassionate view of Irish life, much of interest and of abiding value. The writer is happiest, however, in his chapters on the Irish schools and especially in those on Trinity College, Dublin. His reminiscences of famous men—Scholars and Fellows of Trinity, and all the greater heroes of the Irish bench and bar of the past few generations—are worthy of a place beside the finest I have come across in a dozen years of reading and reviewing.

Mr. Molony's analysis of Irish history of the past 300 years is especially valuable, however, as showing the effect on Anglo-Irish relations of trade and financial affairs. By it a flood of light is thrown on current Irish policy: German engineers are developing the Shannon power resources; French contractors are sweeping the streets of Dublin; Belgians are doing something else. Why? The day of adversity may come and the Free State has taken to heart the lessons of the past. Then, as Mr. Molony shows us here, Ireland suffered grievously by falling into England's debt. Should misfortune come her way once more—at least, the creditor nation is going to be one which cannot with immunity place an army in Ireland to collect her due.

DAVID MARSHALL.

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